THE PARLIAMENT OF Criticks.

THE Menippæan Satyr OF *Juſtus Lipſius* IN A DREAM; *PARAPHRAS'D*: IN A BANTER

[redacted] Upon the CRITICKS of the AGE.

Trahit ſua quemq; voluptas.

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BL

TO

R——— M———,

OF

GRAYS INN,

ESQUIRE.

SIR,

YOUR *Extraction does not ſtand in need of an* Orator; *nor your Education of a* Flatterer; *for you were nei-*

ther Born nor Bred to
be Coax'd. I Dedicate
this Book to you, only
to divert your more serious
and solid Studies, and
to set you a laughing a
me; for I believe a merry
Thought now and then
keeps the Blood from
Curdling. Mirth is
the best Medicine against
Melancholy. Philo-
sophy and Law have
their Fatigues, as well
as other Faculties, upon

the Stage of this World, and must admit of Interludes. A Porter does not Whistle under his Burden for nothing. When the Soul is a Pin too low, a pleasant Phancy is enough to put it in Tune again.

This is all I can say for the Work. The Satyr is Innocent; and the Story worth the Telling: Not but that, perhaps, you have heard as good

Romance, *or have had better* Dreams *of your own. However* LIPSIUS *does not dream of golden Mountains, and Magazines of Riches, but of doing* Good *with Morality and Knowledge.* Juſtice *is not to be hoarded; nor* Charity *laid up. A little* Treaſure of the Mind *is worth both the* Indies, *and goes further. But a* Viſionary Fiction *can break no Bones.*

Bones. *There's abundance of* Blood *ſpilt in* Romance; *but no body was ever the worſe hurt for't.*

Without Vanity, Sir, *I both value your* Family, *and eſteem your* Character *and* Friendſhip, *but I need not ingratiate my ſelf, either with the one or the other, I think, upon a* Wheedle, *or a* Com-

plement. *This* Viſion *addreſſes to you in the Habit of a* Friend; *and I have done my beſt in* Paraphraſing *and* Interpreting *the* Dream; *for I have taken what* Liberty *I pleas'd with the Letter, to bring it to the* Engliſh Temper *and* Genius, *in point of Humour*; *and ſo* Fare-it-well. *They that do not like it may let it alone: That's all. The* Coat,

Coat, *after what Fa-*
ſhion ſoever it is ſhap'd,
will fit ſome Body.

However, Sir, *I ſhall*
not ask you to ſpeak a
good Word *for me to*
the World, nor pre-en-
gage your Character *of*
the Tranſlator; *neither*
do I Court the Favour
of the Age we live in:
For it is as Monſtrous
and Freakiſh as Buce-
phalus,

phalus, *that will only be* Rid *by ſome particular* Maſters. *And muſt none but* ALEXANDERS *get on* Horſe-back *then, and* Fight? *Muſt none but* SETTLE's Pegaſus *fly abroad, and his* Pack-horſe *only* Jingle? *Muſt none but* DRYDENS *write* Books, *or underſtand* Claſſicks; *and no body* eaſe *Nature, that leaves not a*

Fame

Fame *and a* Perfume *behind him? I appeal to the* CRITICKS.

I confeß, 'tis in Faſhion now a Days, among Us little Authors, *to fawn upon* Great Men, *and to claw our* Betters *with the fulſomeſt Flatteries of their* Wit, Parts, *and* Pedigrees, *in a* Dedication: *But* you

know

know Me *better, I hope, and believe me to be more* Sincerely,

SIR,

Your Faithful Friend,

And Humble Servant.

THE

THE AUTHOR's

DEDICATION:

TO

Joseph Scaliger,

HEALTH.

SIR,

I Send you here a *Taſt* of the pleaſant Entertainment I have had theſe two Days. It is a *Satyrical Banter* againſt the Ambition and Ignorance of a Foppiſh ſort of Pretenders to CRI-

CRITICISM, whose *Vanity* is twice as great as their *Skill*, and who would gladly be *some Body* in the *Common-wealth of Learning*: Which does not however, at all reflect upon those that really deserve the Character of CRITICKS, and make a less Figure and Noise in the World.

I know you love the *Author* well enough to coun-

countenance *this Preſent* with your Favour and Acceptance, for his own ſake; but I hope the *Matter* of it will pleaſe you too, if *Novelty* and *Levity* be not unworthy of your *Palate*, which reliſhes Nobler *Dainties* every Day: Beſides, the *Variety* perhaps may make it go down with you. What diverts *SCALIGER*, muſt needs Inſtruct *Youth*, and Edifie the

whole

whole World. However, all my Pastimes and Exercises of this Quality, shall ever be at *your Service*, as well as at the *Devotion* of the *Schools*, to delight and oblige *Infancy* into *Education.*

I call my *Dream*, indeed, a SATYR; but the Name is not so *Monstrous*, nor *Bugbear* enough to fright either *Children* or *Fools.* This *Satyr* will neither *Bite* you,

you, nor *Poyſon* you. It has no *Gall* in't; and like a *Bee* without a Sting, hurts no body. But I only wiſh it may have *Salt* enough to keep for the *Market*; and I fear leſt it ſhould meet with the Fate of *Old Mackrel*, when it comes to your Hands. However, if it prove at laſt either Nauſeous or Inſipid, it is for want of thoſe common *Salts* and *Bitters* in Faſhion, that

Ill-

Ill-Nature might have furniſhed me with abundantly, to have made a pickl'd *Satyr* on't. But on the contrary, I have induſtriouſly avoided all Unmannerly *Severity*, as much as poſſible; having only made two or three *Perſonal Reflections* at moſt: And where's the Harm on't, in a matter of ſo ſmall a moment, that neither the *Reputation* nor the *Honour* of the *Perſon* is at Stake

Stake for a CRITICISM? I hope no body will be angry for a little *Visionary Satyr*. And then again, if I *do* call a Man a *Dunce*, he has the same Law and Liberty against *Me*, to make *LIPSIUS* a *Block-head* for't, if he can.

In fine, *Sir*, if you can Honour this *Trifle* with your Smiles, and recommend the *Banter* of it to the World, I have

have gain'd my Point in ſpite of all *Calumny* or *Detraction*; for *SCALIGER* is the *Flower* of our Age, and has made good the *Fame* of his Country, beyond a *Complement*, under the *Character* it has got of being THE STOCK OF THE GODS.

Farewel.

THE *AUTHOR's* PREFACE TO THE READER.

THere are as many Obſcure Paſſages, *perhaps, in this* Satyrical Dream *of mine, as in another's; but I do not Write to the* Blind: *And if* Youth *grope in the* Dark *after the true Senſe and real Meaning of them; you muſt know* READER, *that I did it*

it on purpoſe to put People to the Trouble of finding their Way out *again. For every Man knows, that* Satyr *ought not to appear by* Day-light; *nor ſhould it ever go abroad but in* Diſguiſe. *It would grow Contemptible at this rate; and* Truths *are but* Proſtituted, *when they are made too* Plain. *There's no other way of exerciſing and improving our own* Phancies *to the Pitch of* Invention, *but by* Reflexion. *The* Sun *is hotteſt to us at* Second-hand. *And the faint* Glimmerings *of other Men's* Ideas, *cannot fail of* Enlightening *our own Notions.* Light *it ſelf came firſt out of* Darkneſs. *Infant-Judgments are ſometimes to be left to* Themſelves, *that the* Wittling *may learn to* Go *without* Hold, *and* Know *without* Help. *He that* Creeps *with a difficulty, will*

will be Master of it at last. A Man may lift a Calf, they say, till he's an Ox.

However, several Orators make their Harangues here, whether CRITICKS or no CRITICKS in the Common-wealth, and I am their Speaker. My Business is to Personate every Man of them as well as I can, and to do their respective Speeches all the Justice in point of Style and Language, which I am able to do them with One Tongue. The SENATE Sits; I am the Mouth of the whole House; but I know not my Reader's Resolution upon the Matter, how well I deserve for my Pains. If you like the Motion, well and good: You'll give it the Hearing, and encourage it further. If you dislike the Book, reject it as soon

as

as you pleaſe, and do not flatter me with a firſt, *a* ſecond, *and a* third Reading, *but throw it out of your Hands rather at* Firſt Daſh, *and there's an* End *on't.*

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THE

THE PARLIAMENT OF Criticks; IN A DREAM: WITH All the *Formalities* of a SENATE, according to Antient Cuſtom.

The Preamble.

I Need not tell the World, that the SENATE ſat at *Rome* this Year, for many weighty Reaſons of the greateſt *Importance*; and was mighty buſy among other Affairs, about the *Regulation* of LETERS. Now, if what was

ſaid and *done* there, may be of any Advan
tage or Diverſion to the PUBLICK
and oblige *Poſterity*, I ſhall venture rathe
to run the Hazzard of *Cenſure* and *Co
rection* for't, SIGALION, then bury
Matter of ſo much Knowledge and Pleaſan
try in Oblivion, and keep People in Ignoranc
for fear of your *Looks*. Beſides that ma
ny *Truths* are either utterly *loſt*, or en
prov'd into *Lies*, where Things are take
upon *Truſt* and *Tradition*, and live onl
by Word of Mouth, or the Credit of com
mon Fame: Therefore I ſhall tell t
World in ſhort, what I *ſaw* and *hea*
for though I was no *Member of the Hou*
I was yet *preſent* there, and had my *Ey*
and *Ears* about me as well as anothe
Every Man is at liberty, over and abov
to *Write* what he pleaſes, by way of *V
ſion* or *Satyr*; where there is no *Law*
ſuppreſs him, and no *Burning* of *Books* f
leſs Faults than *Scandals*, or *Treaſons*,
gainſt *Religion* and *Government*. And
may ſet up for an *Author*, I hope, amo
the *Crowd*, when *Authority* leaves me
my own Thoughts or Diſcretion, and whe
Licencers, *Correctors*, and *Criticks*, are ma
but *Jacks* in an Office. To go on th
If I report Things *Fair*, deny it if y
can; if *Falſe*, either Puniſh or Par
me, which you pleaſe. But at worſt, w
not this kind good Age we live in *n*
indu

indulge me one poor *Lie*; and make it but a *venial Sin* to *Romance*, for twenty *worse Practices* that are countenanc'd and preferr'd in the *State*? Besides, d'ye think I know not St. *Mercury's-Well* out of *Water-gate*? The *Well* that I dipp'd in a long time ago, for fear of the Worst: And now I can *Lie*, *Filch*, and play the *Wag* with Authority; for this *Holy Water* Consecrates all *Plagiarisms*, *Frolicks*, or *Buffoonries*, and Sanctifies Wit and Extravagance. But so much for the *Banter* of *Scribbling*.

The Dogs had now left Barking at the Moon;

Hackneys *drive Home*; *the noisy* Town *was husht*,

And all the growling CRITICKS *fast asleep.*

Or, as *Varro* wittily has it for *Midnight*, it was about the *Noon of Night*, when the drowsy *God* laid his powerful *charming Rod* upon me, and lull'd my Senses into a gentle *Slumber*. It was in *Autumn*; a Time, you know, for *Vapours* and *Visions*: For as the *Sap* returns to the Root in the *Fall of the Leaf*, so the *Humours* of our Bodies *then* fly up most into the Brain, and fill our Heads with

a thouſand *Fairies*, *Phantômes*, and ſtrange *Imaginations*. After the various *Diſtractions* of my Mind upon the Buſineſs of the Day, I carry'd the Impreſſion and Whimſy of ſeveral *Projects* to Bed with me: Not but that the Fatigue on't made my *Pillow* wonderful ſoft and eaſy; and early in the Morning, I had a DREAM; which, for it's *Length*, *Truth*, and *Solidity*, I muſt here frankly ſubmit to the Judgment and Candour of the Age, whether it be either worth the *Telling*, the *Hearing*, or the *Interpreting*.

The *Apparition* ſeem'd to come directly out of *Court*, and preſented it ſelf to me, in ſo terrible a manner, *methoughts*; that, what with the Surprize and the Conſternation of an amazing *Spectre*, all the *Ideas* I could make of it, is as follows.

The

The *DREAM.*

I Thought I was at *Rome*, and walking all alone in the *Court* or *Common Hall* of Juſtice there, at the Foot of *Mount-Palatin*, in a profound Silence and Solitude, at firſt; till all on a ſudden, upſtarts a vaſt *Multitude*, an *Ocean* of pale, ghaſtly; lean *Carrion-creatures*, and they came thronging and rowling on towards me, like ſo many mercileſs Mountains of *Waves*, or hungry *Sea-Hogs*, that wanted a Morning's *Morſel*; every one a reliſhing Bit of me for a *Whet*, or to ſtay their *Stomachs* for a greater *Ordinary*. I believe *Cæſar* himſelf, in my Caſe and Condition, might juſtly have fear'd at firſt ſight, that they would have made but a *Breakfaſt* of him. They look'd as if they had liv'd upon nothing but *Maggots*, *Moths* of old muſty *Books*, and the common Air we breath in, from *June* to *January*. Well! I was wonderfully aſtoniſh'd, you muſt think; but as near as I could gueſs, however, by the dusky uncertain Glimpſe I had of theſe *ghoſtly Fathers*, they came all out of the *Tiberian* and *Ulpian Libraries*, ſome out of *one*, and ſome out of *t'other*; where the *Ivory-Tables* are laid up, and

the publick *Regiſters* and *Records* of Antiquity are kept. Away they bruſh'd by me, and made ſtreight to the *Temple of Apollo*, at *Mount Palatin*. But I followed them upon the Heel, at a convenient Diſtance, as you may imagine; out of a great Curioſity I had to be as Wiſe as the *Tumult*, and to know the Meaning on't: And being deſirous all the while, to find whether I had any *Friends* there, I ſaw an *old Acquaintance* of mine at laſt, whom I accoſted immediately, without any further *Ceremony*. Is that *you*, my dear Friend *D U Z A*, *ſaid I*; and do *you* make *One* here *Sir?* But he look'd as big as *Bull-beef* upon't, and ſpake me very *Bluff* at firſt; not without ſome Pride and Inſolence, I thought, upon ſo civil an *Addreſs* as I made him, with a Cringe and a Complement. I knew 'twas a common thing for *Great Men* in Preferment or Proſperity, to forget their poor *Friends* and *Relations*; but his huffing *Anſwer* was *this*:

What Country-man *are* you? *I* know *you not*;

Or I've your Birth, Extract, and Blood, forgot.

What

What Country-men are Friends? said I, What! have you *forgot* me then, and do you want to be put in mind of your Old Friend *LIPSIUS?* The Words were no sooner out of my Mouth, but he threw himself into my Arms; and so we clung a while together, in the mutual Embraces of one another, till I thought he would have breath'd his very *Soul* into me; so that at last he brake out into these passionate Transports: *You Ravish and Surprize me at once. Am I asleep or waking? Is it* LIPSIUS *indeed, or do I Dream of him only? How shall I ever welcome* LIPSIUS *as I ought to do, or proportion my Reception of him to the merit of his Friendship? Will not the GODS want you now in* HOLLAND, Lipsius? *But what brought you hither?* The Gods, *said I*; for I was rapt into *ITALY* in a *Trance.*

My Sleep *by sacred* Vision *was o'ercome:*
I slept in Leyden, *but I wak'd in* Rome.

But in short, I beseech you, *Douza*, What *Rabble* is that? *Rabble*, do you call it? *Says he.* No, no. It is *the Senate of Wits*, I'll assure you. *The* SENATE! at that *Word* my Heart flutter'd within me, what with the Awe of

it, and the Honour I had for *Learning* and I began to prick up my Ears at the hearing on't. But *when* and *where* do they *Sit?* *said I*, and what have they upon the *Carpet?* Why, *says he*, come along with me and I'll oblige your Curiosity. Whereupon he conducted me streight away to a certain Pillar in the *Portico* of *APPOLLO's* TEMPLE; and shewing me a *Placaert* put up there: Look you, my Friend, *says he*, here's a *Proclamation* of Yesterday, for the calling of a PARLIAMENT. It was now broad *Day-light*, and I read it without any prejudice to my Eyes, in so many Words, to this effect.

The EDICT of *MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO*, Consul.

WHEREAS divers weighty and important Affairs of the Common-wealth of LEARNING *call for our Consideration, and press our Dispatch, We have thought fit to declare it our Will and Pleasure, that the* SENATE *do Meet and Sit upon it in the* TEMPLE *of* APPOLLO *to Morrow morning by Break of Day. And all* KNIGHTS, CITIZENS, *and* BURGESSES *returned to serve in this present* Con-

Convention, *are hereby required and commanded to give their Attendance* Then *and* There *accordingly; upon pain of being* Fin'd *else at our Diſcretion, or at leaſt not excuſed without paying their* Fees, *and a* Reprimand *into the Bargain.*

Given at the Court of *Rome*, &c.

As I was then ſcratching my Head upon an Itch of making a further Enquiry into the Buſineſs, *Duza* preſently gratified my Ambition, and carry'd me to the very Threſhold of the *Temple*. The Doors of the *Senate-Houſe* ſtood wide open, to my great Satisfaction; ſo that I ſaw who went *In* and *Out* there: And I obſerv'd Few that look'd old enough for SENATORS, and Fewer yet that appear'd with *Manhood* or *Gravity* enough either for a ſerious Manage, or wiſe Diſpatch of *State-Affairs*: But a world of *young Gentlemen*, and ſome *Beardleſs Faces*, immediately took their *Places* there for *Politicians*; and they made their *Entries* too, with ſo many ridiculous Fopperies, againſt the Rules of Gravity and good Breeding, that I thought them fitter for the *Play-Houſe*. Beſides, there was ſuch ſqueezing and indorſing one another, as if the *Mob* had been broke looſe upon the *Puntillo*'s of Honour and Precedency: Well! *D U Z A*,

said I, what *Beaux* and *Bravo's* are these? Are *Boys* allow'd to be *Members of the House*, for the Good of the Common-wealth?

What a vast Herd *of Folks, and how they croud!*

Some squeek like Pigs, *and others* grunt *aloud.*

But are these all *Senators?* Does not both *Law* and *Custom* limit the Number of them to *Four hundred* or *Under?* Yes, *reply'd* D U Z A. But then the *Censors* were not Formerly of the *List*, nor *Officers* of all Trusts and Qualities whatsoever, admitted indifferently into the *House.* For why? *New Lords, new Laws*, you know. There have of late been several *Revolutions* of the *Senate*; and JULIUS CÆSAR himself, for his Part, was pleased to augment the Number of *Members* to Admiration. His Wisdom and Example grew Popular, and the *Precedent* crept into Fashion; so that Men of all Ranks and Extractions now, in the *Community*, are equally qualify'd for *Publick Service*: And *Foreigners, Bastard-Barbarians, Half-Græcians*, and *Mungril-Latins*, are all Naturaliz'd into *Counsellors of State.* In fine, this very Year, *Germany* chanc'd to be over-stock'd with *Poets*, and over-run with *Poetasters.*

Poets

Poets *like* Piſmires *ſwarm'd*; *each ſcurvy* Ant,

Lampoon'd the City *with his* poinant *Wit.*

And ſo the CRITICKS interlop'd upon us likewiſe in vaſt Numbers; made a furious *Inſurrection* againſt all *Eſtabliſh'd Diſcipline*, and had like to have ſet the *Common-wealth of Learning* all in a Flame; but it was prevented by Divine *Providence* and Humane *Foreſight*. While we were talking together, up came the *Reds* and the *Twelve Lictors*, like ſo many *Conſtables* with their *Staves* licking the *Mob* out of the Way, and making Room for *Authority*. Here comes *MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO*, the *Conſul*, cries *DUZA*. What, *ſaid I*, is there but *One*? Who's his *Fellow-Conſul*, and what's become of him? Why, *ſaid he*, MARCUS ACCIUS PLAUTUS ſhould be the other *Conſul*; but he keeps his Bed, *they ſay*, of ſome Indiſpoſition or other. *Conſuls* have their *Humours*, as well as *other Men*; and now and then, they grow *Sick* of the SENATE.

In the mean time, I *Dreamt* that the *Conſul*, according to Cuſtom, went upon the *Sacrifice*, and holding up the *Entrails of the Victim in Court*, for the Formality of the

Omen

Omen, the *Soothſayer* did his Duty, and found ſhrew'd Tokens of ſome unlucky *Debates* either about *Learning* or *Government*. The *Divination* was perform'd with all the *Devotion* and *Solemnity* that could be: But as ſoon as he had told the SENATE their Fortune, the *Ceremony* was over; and *Religion* made Way both for the *Law* and the *Quarrel*.

After this, the *Serjeants* brought up ſix more of the *Rods*, ſwaggering through the *Crowd*, to make way for the *Prætor*; and who ſhould it be but *CATO?* He is *Lord Major* this Year, ſays *DUZA*, for his Severity againſt the *Poor*, and going to *Conventicles* on *Sundays*, in Hopes to oblige *Both Parties:* The *Beggars* Curſe for the Coldneſs of his *Charity*; the Moroſe Cynical *Janus*, and the *Two fac'd-Pump* of Religion. But why do you hang an Arſe ſo, *LIPSIUS*; come let's go into *Court*. I was ſtartled at that, with no little wonderment; but upon ſecond Thoughts, *ſaid I*, What Buſineſs have *You* there? Buſineſs, *ſaid he!* Why, I am one of the *Ædiles*, of the Noble Order of *Gameſters*, to inſpect all *Publick Paſtimes*; to prohibit all unlawful *Gaming*, *Lotteries*, *Raffling*, *Royal-Oak*, *Hazard*, *falſe Dice*, *Cards*, and the like; and to give Laws to *Fortune* and *Pleaſure*. I kept the *Games* but t'other Day, and Celebrated them

them with all the juſt Solemnities of Sport and Exerciſe. *Bartholomew-Fair* was nothing to them, either for Spectacle or Diverſion. Come along then, *ſaid he.* No indeed, *ſaid I to him*, I beg your Pardon. But *he* pull'd one way, and *I* another; ſo that my *Cloak* was in ſome Danger, of the *Taylor* betwixt us upon the *Scuffle.* Prithee, *ſays he*, What art afraid of, Man? The *Law*, the *Law*, *ſaid I*, that loves none but *Lawyers*; and the SENATE, you know, was made only for SENATORS. Well! it *was* ſo, *ſays he*, giggling at me, in the Old MAGNA CHARTA; when *Rome* was *Rome*, and ſtood upon her *Pantoffles* of Privilge and Antiquity: But now the Tables are turn'd, and every *Pettifogger* comes in equal Favour and Practice with the *Long Robe*; ſets a good Face upon Vexation, and ſtruts in the *Hall* like a *Counſellor.* Beſides that, *Auguſtus* brought up a *Cuſtom*, that any *Spark of Seventeen* might have his Gown border'd with broad Purple Galoon, to ſuch a Latitude, that the *Youngſter* dreſs'd up in his Formalities ſhould have leave to ſit in the SENATE: Not that *Boys* ought to have any Hand in the *Government* upon the Reputation of their *Clothes* or *Eſtates*; but *Men* of Learning, Wiſdom, and Integrity, whoſe *Souls* do not lie ſo near the *Skin.* 'Tis not long ſince an Old Gentleman of the *Long Robe* had like to have our-

out liv'd the *Law*, by his own *Expreſſion*; and it was as true as Goſpel in his own *Actions*: But I hope both *Law* and *Learning* will *revive* again this *Seſſion of Parliament*. However, *LIPSIUS*, *ſays he*, have you Pen, Ink, and Paper? If you can but Write three Words of *Law-Latin*, and look as grave as a *Senator*, you are well enough qualify'd for the *Bench* in a *Court*, or a *Seat* in the SENATE: And I'll warrant you, upon my Honour, not a Man of the officious *Cenſors* will ask you your Name or your Buſineſs, or whiſper you *out* again.

We were now agreed upon the matter of *Liberty*, and juſt a going into the *Houſe*, when *DUZA* ſtopp'd ſhort upon me in the way, and told me I muſt put off my *Sword*: For hark you, Sir, *ſays he*, That *Weapon* of yours is fitter for a *Fencing-School*, than a *Court of Juſtice*. It is againſt the Laws of the *Gown* too; for *Swords-men* and *Soldiers* are not fit Company for *Magiſtrates* and *Peace-makers*. So ſaid and ſo done. I diſarm'd, and away we went *In* to rights, without Controul.

There I ſaw ſuch a Medley of *Members* and *Morphews* among 'em; ſo many *Jolt-heads* of the largeſt *Make*, caſt in ſomewhat a leſs than the Bell-founder's Mould of Great

Tom-

Tom-a-Lincoln: *One* Man's *Eyes* goggling in's Head like *Sawcers*, as if *Nature* had been ſcar'd out of her Wits in the making of them; *Another*'s twinkling, as if *ſhe* had made them in the *Dark*, and deſign'd them for an *Owl*; and a *Third*'s again beholden to his *Spectacles*, who had the Art of putting *His Eyes* in his Pocket when he pleas'd: Beſides a world of *Blubber-lipp'd*, *Hook-nos'd*, *Helmet-brow'd*. *Hatchet-fac'd* Limbs of the Law; and Men of all Squints and Squeezings in their Profeſſions, mounted upon the Higheſt Seats of *Honour* and *Judgment*; and of ſo domineering an Aſpect in their *Robes*, and the *Ruff* of all their Glory, that I had like to have ſtrain'd a Point of good Manners at the *Raree-ſhow*. But caſting my Eyes off them on a ſudden, for fear of the Worſt, upon a *Lower Rank* of Men; The *Philoſophers*, *Phyſicians*, and *Hiſtorians*, put me in mind of better Things than to undervalue *Eſop* for his *Uglineſs*, or over-rate a *Pill* for it's *Guilding*. The *Poets* in the laſt Place, look'd only like *Foot-ſtools* to the former *Gentlemen*; and *Comick*, *Tragick*, *Epick* Sons of the *Muſes*, were but as the *Burden of the Song*: For *they* ſeem'd to come in for little more among the reſt, than for the *Chorus* of the Company. But *ſome* of them, however, appear'd like Men of good Faſhion enough; *Others* were as Fine and Famous as *Laurel* and *Ring* could make them; and *Others* again,

again, made a greater Figure, and were *Palace-Poets*, Men of vaſt Court and Quality, Faction, and Party: But *ſome* at laſt, on the other Hand, were as mean as mean could be, in their *Beſt-cloaths*, and as Poor and Bare as the *Proverb*; not to ſay worſe of them, for fear of the *Rag-man*: Though the Ingenious *BUTLER* was not to be deſpis'd by the Beſt *Lord* in the Land, for his *Poverty*; and his *Hudibraſs* will be had in Honour to Eternity, in ſpite of Fate and Ingratitude.

What are thoſe with *Laurel* on their Heads, I beſeech you, *ſaid I*, to *DUZA*? Why they are Upſtarts of *Rhyme*, *ſays he*; or New-born *Poets*, juſt lick'd by ſome *Minion* or other, into *Royal Favour*. For *Ballad-makers* are nurs'd up into Grace and Grandeur now in the *Empire*, and advanced to the Pinacle of Honour in *Princes Cabinets*. The *Cards* are pack'd by Authority, and Dominion turns up what *Trump* it pleaſes. That's very well, *ſaid I*; but how comes it they are crown'd and trick'd up with *Garlands*? Did they ever win the Day, upon a Conteſt, who ſhould make the *Beſt Verſes* in Honour of *Jupiter* that ſav'd the *Capitol*, like a brave GOD as he was? No, no; *ſays he*: And yet Power prevails, and Sings us a *New Song* that *Appollo*'s an Aſs. Merit is quite out of Doors, and it is the *Emperour* makes *Poets Conqueours*

Conquerours, and *Laureats*; puts Crowns of *Bayes* on their Heads, and *Gold-Rings* on their Fingers. Beſides, he does not only *Knight* them for *Sir Foplings*; but creates them alſo Peers of the Realm, with *Dignity* and *Dukedom*. Humph! *ſaid I*; As *Julius Cæſar* did by *Laberius*, I'll warrant. He gave the *Mimick* his *Knighthood* again for a *Witticiſm*, which he had loſt before for an *Unſeaſonable Jeſt*, perhaps, or an *Imperial Caprice*.

The *Members* were now muſing and muttering one with another, upon the grumbling of the Gizzard againſt the CRITICKS; when *Tully* all on a ſudden ſtood up in the *Chair*, and commanded Silence in the *Court*. His Hand gave the *Signal*, that he had ſomewhat to ſay; and there follow'd as profound a *Peace* upon it, as could be in the *Dead-time* of Night, to hear

The Pith of Eloquence and Fineſt Tongue;
The faireſt Flow'r *of* Right, *and Foil of* Wrong.

So that as ſoon as *Cicero* had made up the Face of an *Orator*, and given his Hand for an *Harangue*, he ſpake to this effect.

Gentlemen,

Although it is My *Buſineſs to enquire into all* Controverſies *a foot*; *as well* Sacred *as* Civil, *and*

and to ask Your *Opinions about them, rather than to give* my Own. *I think my self oblig'd yet to* Preface *somewhat to an Affair now that nearly concerns the greatest* Common-wealth *in the World. You may remember,* Sirs, *it was a matter of universal Satisfaction to us all to see* Learning *flourish some Years since, and grow upon* Europe *with Reputation and Success. We were* Read *then; we were* Admir'd; *we were deliver'd from* Obscurity, *and rescu'd out of the Jaws of* Moths, Mouldiness, *and* Oblivion: *While the brave* Leo, *and the learned* Francis, *the one in* France, *and t'other in* Italy, *study'd nothing so much as the Promotion of* Letters, *and carry'd on the Work to a Pitch more like* Divinities *than* Men. *Insomuch that, in short, we had Reason to think, and our Hopes were fairly blown into a Confidence of recovering our former* Glory *and* Blossom *upon the Old* Stock *of Knowledge. But behold,* Sirs, *there's now a bold, busy, aspiring sort of pert* Coxcombs, *that top it upon* Us, *and set up for* CORRECTORS, *who blast all good Sense, and nip Wit and Judgment in the* Bud: *'Tis wonderful how far the* Plague *is spread already, and what Execution it has done; the Contagion is so catching, and the itching Multitude so easy. It was the Practice and Precedent of our Forefathers to expel* Philosophers *and* Orators *the City, upon suspicion only of the Novelty of Discipline, or the least Air of Singularity: But how much more severely would*

would they have punished Men for broaching Errors of a worse Breath, and for writing downright Infection and Mischief about the Town, And shall We *then suffer these scribbling* Huffs *and* Hectors, *these* Tarquins, *and arbitrary,* Tyrants, *to attempt their Innovations upon a whole Kingdom, without the Lash of the* Law *for't? But they brag on't too. There's no* Law *touches* Them, they cry; *and* They *neither transgress the Wisdom, Clemency, nor Humanity of the* Antients. *Now I must tell you* Gentlemen, *on the contrary, That we have a* Law *in lavender against them. I say, We have a* Law, *and that they'l find to the Cost of their* Criticism: *For the Law I mean, is still in* Force; *and, like a* Sword *that rusts in the Scabbard, only loses it's Edge and it's Brightness for want of Exercise. It had no such* Crime *till* now *to practise upon, nor a* Critick *to dispatch. Does not the* Statute of Stabbing, *made in the Reign of* Cornelius Sylla *against* Cut-Throats, *stand yet* unrepealed? *And are not these* Cut-Throat CORRECTORS, *with a Witness? How often have they been taken in the very Fact of strangling a* Word; *gagging up an entire* Expression; *sticking an innocent* Sentence *to the Heart, and running a whole* Book *barbarously through and through the Body. They either blot an* Author *out of the Land of the living, or murder his Character in the World. Their* Pens *are like* Daggers; *and their* Ink *is*

Poyson,

Poyſon, *that ſwells a pretty* Laceniſm *into a fulſome* Volume, *or fluxes a* Paper *of Senſe and Size to a* Skeleton; *nothing left but the Skin and Bone of a languiſhing* Compoſition. *Nay, they'l pick at very* Anatomy *for a* Scratch *or a* Scroll; *and ſand it with* Ratsbane *when they have done. Theſe Things muſt needs mortifie Men of better Wit and Underſtanding. Ye may ſit* ſtill *here,* Gentlemen, *till the* Criticks *will come perhaps to mend their* Pencils *upon* you *too, and* correct *ſome* Senator *or other to pieces in* open Court. *'Tis but whetting their* Paſſions *and* Pen-knives *a little, and your Work's as well done, as if* Caligula *himſelf had done't. No Language can reach this* Miſdemeanor, *nor aggravate the Complaint beyond the Crime of their Vanity and Extravagance. Let me fan up your Zeal then for the Cauſe, and awaken the Faculties of all Honeſt Men to weigh the Matter with Life, Warmth, and Vigour, againſt the* Murder of Books, *and to take a Courſe with theſe* Bravo's *of* Knowledge *and* Debauchées of Senſe: *The* Criticks, *I mean, that either confound or corrupt all the* Learning *in the World. But I'll warrant you, I only enflame the Reckoning,* forſooth, *I am good at helping on a lame Miſchief,* they'l cry, *and I am a Party, and a prejudic'd Perſon: But* They *do every body Juſtice. I wiſh they did,* Sirs. *But which of* Them, *I pray, ever gives us the Hearing, or Reads over our* Works; *except it be for*

their

their own Ends of Carping at our Miſtakes, and Miſrepreſenting our Notions? They mangle and ſpoil other Men's Copies; *for there's ſcarce one* Manuſcript *of a Thouſand ſcapes their Fingers, without an Injury or a Reflexion: And this is* CORRECTING *in* Their *Senſe. To knock out the Brains of a good Meaning, to break* Priſcian's *Head, and burn down a* Library, *is to* Correct *indeed with a Witneſs.* This is Right, and that's Wrong, *ſays one*: This does not rumble well to the Harmony of my Ears, and it is too ſharp, or too flat for my Fiddle, *ſays another.* This is Dog-Latin, *crys a Third,* and will not paſs Grammar for all Mr. *Tully*'s vouching of it for Sterling. Here's an Imperfection; there wants a *Point*; here's a Cripple of a *Period,* there's a *Comma* too many; here's a *Crotchet,* and there's a *Capital,* where there needs none. *Well!* Sirs, *take Time by the Forelock, and be unanimous upon't. Hang the* Criticks. *Better Men have gone to the* Gallows. *Correctors! Ye Off-ſcum of the People, or Dregs of Mankind, ſunk into* Common Barreters *and* Buffoons! *Shall* you *make Mouths at* Conſuls, *affront your* Betters, *abuſe* ſacred Majeſty, *play the* Jack-pudding *upon the Wiſdom of the Nation, and make a* Jeſt *of* Government? *No. But,* Sirs, *we our ſelves are levell'd at in their Practices. They are prim'd for the very* Senate, *and their Deſigns have already taken aim at us more*

than

than once. Ye may let them ſtalk on to further Miſchief, and make ſure of their Game, *if you pleaſe to ſit ſtill unconcern'd. As for my* own Part, *I have laid agonizing under the Hands of theſe* CORRECTORS *for ſeveral Years*; noted *to nothing, or Hotch-potch, and* commented *to Diſtraction, Inſignificancy and Nonſenſe. I am e'en Sick on't. Not a Day paſſes over my Head, but ſome* Snake or other in the Graſs, *is always ſtinging me, as if the unmerciful Vermin had reſolved to make me go through a lingring* Courſe *of Pain, and die away by* Piece-meal. *Theſe* Criticks *are meer* Quakers, *that have no more* Ceremony *for Learning, than they have for Religion; which they can have no Title to, either by* Blaſphemy *or* Hereſie. *But what is worſt of all yet, they leave a* departing Author *no Hopes of* Recovery, *and no more Senſe at laſt Gaſp, than that of either Torment and Loſs, or Diſadvantage and Diſgrace; for they'l neither let him go off in a Pang* Alltogether, *nor kindly diſpatch him at one Blow. What* Hoſtilities *have I encounter'd in four or five* Kingdoms! *Too* many *for* One *Man. Firſt, a* Tuſcan *fell foul upon me; then a* Venetian; *after him, a* French Fop; *and then again ſome* Dutch Clown *or other muſt needs have a Fling at me: All a* Criticizing *upon* Cicero *at once. And are not theſe Enemies to every Man of us, within our Walls now; Sleeping in our Beds, Eating at our Boards, and Entertained*

tertained in our very Boſoms? Do not the Traytors *live among us, I ſay, under the* Maſquerade *of Friends, with Honour and Hoſpitality?* Live! *ſaid I? Nay, do they not come into the* Senate *too, as bold as Hungry Lyons, only to make their Teeth water, and to ſharpen their Stomachs. Their Eyes chuſe here for their Appetites; and they ſingle us out for the* Butchery. *O ye Immortal Gods! What a dull* City *is this? Is there no Regard for the* Preſent State of Learning; *no Guard againſt a* Confederate Invaſion of Ignorance? *Here are the* Illiterate Conſpirators *got within Doors in this very* Seſſion of Parliament, *who have complotted the Diſcredit, the Abuſe, and the Ruin of you* All, *as well as* My *Deſtruction. Conſider on't.*

The Pillar of the *Parliament* made an awful Speech on't: And as ſoon as he had done, I thought, his Eyes flaſh'd like Lightening, and he ſeem'd to throw his Glances like *Thunderbolts*, directly at Me and my Friend.

Wild Horror *made my ſtarting* Nature *quake,*

Then Cold *each Limb benumm'd like* Icy Cruſts,

And chill'd my Blood *into a ſolid Flake.*

Well!

Well! *DUZA*, *said I*, feel my Pulſe now. I am as Cold as *Death* and the *Alps*, all over in a ſhivering *Chagrin*; and I ſhake like a *Quotidian*. We are undone here paſt Retreat. What *Giant's Den* is this we are in? What can ſave us out of the Hands of the Lamp-ey'd, and Pump-fac'd *Philiſtine*? Where's *Ulyſſes*'s Policy, and *Pallas*'s Wiſdom to uncave us, and baffle this *Monſter* of Misfortune? We cannot put out *Polyphemus*'s Eye with winking. *DUZA* was as Dumb as a dead Pig upon't; ſhrunk in among the *Mutes*, and look'd as if he could not help it; betwixt Hawk and Buzzard all the while of an unreſolving Fate. He lurk'd there however, like a Mouſe in a Cheeſe, chewing the Cud of bitter Repentance for his Raſhneſs. For as demure as he was, I believe, he found himſelf by this time, in the wrong Box; and that he had miſtaken his *Market* for *Calves-Heads* and *Cox-Combs*. For I knew *Pride* would not eaſily be interlop'd upon by *Ambition*, in the Buſineſs of a *Learned Curioſity*; as near a kin as they are: So that I heartily unwiſh'd my Preſumption and Place a thouſand times over, and expected nothing but the *Lictor* and the *Law* of the Whip for't. We ſhall be finely Flogg'd now, thought I, for Intruſion and Saucineſs; and our *Backs* will pay dear enough for our *Foreheads*. Alas! I wiſh'd mightily for my *Sword*, which I had

had left behind me to please either a *Friend*, or an *Enemy*, as if a *Wish* could have *Arm'd* me again.

To sell *my Life as dear as* Steel *could rate*,
Or injur'd Honour buy, *with Blood and Wounds.*

In the Height of this *Storm* and *Confusion*, *Cicero* went on with his *Motion*, and at once becalm'd his own Face, and laid my Apprehensions. He brake out into this violent Passion and Transport, after a decent *Hem* or two towards the clearing of his Voice.

And what! said he, *Liberty of Conscience* for CRITICKS! *What a* Toleration *is this, next to a Stupidity! An* unlearned Usurpation *upon* Humanity *wink'd at, if not encouraged and assisted? A prosperous* Tyranny *in* Print, *and with* Privilege *too? The very Laws dispens'd with, at the Expence of* Learning *it self; and the whole* Latin Government, *at the Will and Pleasure of a Crew of* Arbitrary Correctors? *Unmanly* Patience, *and Passive* Nonsense, *to bear such Indignities in the* Letter'd World! *Am I* Consul; *and shall* I *suffer this* illiterate Invasion *upon Authority, Fair-dealing, and Ingenuity? Shall* I *turn* Rebel *to my own* Principles? *And shall* I

call in Forreigners *and* Barbarians *to cut my own Throat, or to take the* Work *out of my* Native Country-men's Hands, *and the* Bread *out of their* Mouths? *No, it ſhall never be ſaid of* Cicero, *that ever he betray'd the* Common-wealth, *either for want of* Learning, *or* Loyalty. *But* I *have not yet ſo much as reproached theſe Falſe* Pretenders, *who long ſince, deſerved a* Brand *in the Forehead for their* Encroachments, Innovations, *and* Impudence. *The Sword's Point were* Rhetorick *good enough againſt ſuch* Malefactors; Criminals, Murderers, Scoundrels, Caitiffs, CRITICKS: *What ſhall I call 'em? But to ſay no more on't,* Gentlemen, *leſt my* Speech *ſhould be cenſur'd for its* Length; *its length for* Deſign-; *and its Diſign, to put a* Biaſs *upon your Judgments. Your Minds are as Free as mine for all this, and your Opinions are under no Pre-engagements of Intereſt or Malice. Only, let the* Law *take its Courſe, and there's an end of the Matter. In the mean while, I beſeech you,* APOLLO-PALATIN, *the* God *of this Holy Temple, and the Power of the* Convention; *the Protector of* Learning *in Diſtreſs, and of the* Muſes *in Miſery: Redreſs our* Grievances. *I beſeech you, deliver us out of the Hands of our Enemies, the* CRITICKS, *and direct the* SENATE *now for the Beſt in regulating the preſent* State *of injur'd* Letters, *as well as in reſtori-*

ſtoring the Wiſdom of the Nation *to its juſt Liberties and Peace.*

When *Tully* had done Speaking, with all imaginable Acclamation, and the Applauſe of the whole *Houſe*, I came a little to my ſelf again: But not without ſome Fear yet of ſo imperious a *Conſul*. A *Conſul*, that I knew had brought many a wiſe *Senator* to the *Block* by his own Power and Command; for he would ſend you a Man away to the *Tower* for a Word ſpeaking; Sacrifice him to a *private Pique*, and put him to Death for juſt nothing at all, to pleaſe a *Faction*. This put me in mind of a certain late *Lord*'s ſcrambling of Papers with the *Devil*, after his Policies were blown up, and his barbarous Intrigues miſcarry'd upon *Earth*. However, I was not quite frighted out of my Senſes neither, nor ſo blinded with the Awe either of the *Place* or the *Perſon*; but I ſaw a Man hard at Work there, a *Writing* as faſt as he could lay Pen to Paper, under the *Chair* of the *Speaker*: His Highneſs's Humble Footſtool, *I thought*: He ſeem'd to be a *Low-Country-man* by his *Dreſs*; but his *Air* and *Mien* had more of the *Dutch man*. Upon this, I turn'd to my Friend *Duza*, and ſtanding upon the Bend of a *Complement*; Pray, *Sir*, *ſaid*

I, who is That ſcribbles there? Some *Informer* or other, I'm afraid, that has diſcovered us, Plot and all, or ſome *Juſtice of the Peace's Clerk*, that's writing our *Mittimus*. He fell a laughing heartily at my Apprehenſions and Timidity; but why, *ſays he*, you are ſafe enough from that *Bell-weather of a Man*; for he's a meer *Cods-head*. 'Tis *Chriſtopher Longol*, the *Publick Notary*; whom the *Senators* have now made *Cenſor*, for his good Faculty of Filching following *Tully*'s Words and Phraſe to Admiration, and Stealing the *Orator*'s Style. This is the *Plagiary* that is promoted to Honour now, upon the Merit of his great Qualifications, and good Services. After that, I thought, *Cicero* ſtood up again, and made this ſhort Concluſion of his *Speech*

SIRS,

You have heard the whole matter in Queſtion: So that I have nothing more to ſay but to wiſh all Happineſs and Succeſs to the Common-wealth of Learning, *and to deſire* you, CAIUS CRISPUS, *to ſecond me with your Opinion; that we may have a fair Underſtanding about* Criticiſm *and theſe People that call themſelves* CORRECTORS. *And to come to a Reſolution now upon the Affair, what ſay* you CRISPUS?

At this Word, I ask'd *Duza*, who that *Crispus* was. Why, *says he*, 'tis the chief Author of *Roman History*; an excellent *Scholar*, and a great *States man*. Why does he ask his Opinion *First*, *said I*, and prefer his Judgment before all the rest? Are there not some old Grudges and Quarrels betwixt 'em; and are *They* Friends again upon the matter of *State* and *Learning*? Do these *Two Great Men* agree upon promoting of the *Publick Good*? But *Duza* was angry at my Importunity and Impertinence. Do you know where you are, *says he*; in a *Court* or a *Gossiping Room*? Among *Senators* or *Women*, you prate so? This Gentleman is appointed for the *other Consul* in *Plautus*'s Absence, if you *must* know: But pray hold your Tongue, and be Govern'd. I bit my Lip upon this Reprimand; and the Abruptness of the Answer made me reflect the more upon it; because he said nothing of their being at Variance, and took no notice of any Misunderstanding betwixt them. So that I concluded some false *Writings* or other might have rashly rais'd the Report of a Difference between the *two Consuls*, without any Colour of Truth or Reason; only to reproach their Actions, and to bring their Judgments in Dispute for Faction and Division. For 'tis a cunning Trick of some *Sharpers* in the World to create Quarrels among Honest People,

that they may gain their own Point with more eaſe upon the Contention? 'Tis the Marrow of *Matchiavel*; and there is neither any *Schiſmatick*, nor *Fanatick* eſpecially, in the World, without this Subtilty. Beſides, it has ever been the *Policy* of all Pick-pockets. But in ſhort, *Diviſion* has done the Buſineſs both of *Church* and *State* more than *Once*; and it is the Bane of *Learning* too, as well as of *Government*.

In the mean while, *Criſpus* was up to ſecond *Cicero* with a Speech concerning *Good Letters*, againſt the *Criticks*, in an extraordinary Dreſs and Garb. His Head was muffled up with a *Cap* about his Ears, like the late *Duke of Bolton's*; he had a great *Handkerchief* alſo about his Neck, as warm as an *Alderman* in *Furr*, for fear of catching Cold; and he was wrapt up in a great *Cloak*, after a new Faſhion, that would have fortify'd him againſt the Air of the *Alps*. I durſt not ask *Duza* the meaning on't; but I eaſily imagin'd he was a tender *Gentleman*, and not very *well*, whether he was Sick of ſome *Wounds* he had lately received by the *Correctors*, or of ſome other *Diſtemper*, I knew not. But alas! thought I now, a *Porter* may be as Healthful as a *Peer*: For Grandeur and Riches cannot ſecure a *Senator* againſt the

Gout

Gout, or the *Stone*, a *Cold*, or a *Conſumption*. However, *He* ſpake to this purpoſe.

Noble Senators,

YOur Clemency and Tenderneſs to the Correctors, *lay me under a double Apprehenſion, in point of* Speaking *to this Affair before ye: Either that you have no mind to meddle with them at all, and want Courage to encounter the* Enemy; *or that their Impudence grows upon your Modeſty, and their Boldneſs takes Advantage of your Moderation. For good Nature is Encouragement enough for Ignorance to advance their Encroachments upon your* Right *and* Authority. *I cannot but wonder at their* Abettors, *Men of* Learning *and* Note, *who countenance their illiterate Confidence, Malice and* Corrections. *Their wicked* Councils *all combine againſt* Us, *and conſpire our Ruin. We are threatned with a confedrate Miſchief, and we contend now either for* Life, *or for* Liberty; *which we are in danger of loſing by theſe* Uſurping Criticks. *They are the notorious Off-ſpring of* Varro's *and* Cornelius's, *Traitors of the* Preſent Government *of* Learning; *who go about to deſtroy our Character in the World, and to diſgrace our* Knowledge, Credit, Works, *and all to Poſterity. What is it to ſuffer ſuch little* Pe-

dants *to ſet up for* Controverſie *and* Criticiſm, *but like the* College of Phyſicians's *licenſing all the* Quacks *about Town? Which brings all* Learning, *as well as* Phyſick, *into Contempt and Diſhonour. O ye great Gods! Where are the* Porcian, *and the* Sempronian Laws *then, againſt Circumvention and Conſpiracy?* Laws, *that were never yet diſanull'd, and ought now to be put in Execution againſt theſe Offenders. They ſwagger with Honour, Pomp, and Preferment; They are raiſed from nothing, either of Blood or of Fortune, to Places of Truſt, Civil and Military;* They *are made* Secretaries of State, Embaſſadors, *or* Plenipotentiaries; *while* We *lie under the cruel Laſh of their Haughtineſs, and are obnoxious to the moſt Servile* Remarks, *and ſevere* Reflexions; *the groſſeſt* Comments, Controverſies, *and* Defamations *of ambitious* Boys *and aſpiring* young Men, *in compariſon of* our Age *and* Gravity. *Were the* Works *of the moſt Famous* Wits *publiſhed for this Purpoſe? Were the* Monuments *and* Memoirs *of the* Ingenious *made to be found Fault with, Corrected and Lampoon'd by every little pert Fop of a* Critick? *Are theſe the Rewards of our Labour and Study; and did we ſpend ſo many Days and Nights in* Philoſophy, Hiſtory, *and* Humanity, *to be abus'd for't? But they perſevere ſtill too in their Obſtinacy and Oſtentation; and are*

ſo far from repenting of, or retracting their Foolery, *that they glory in't. They are proud even of ther Pride, Malice, and Contention. They number the moſt diſingenuous* Inſults *upon Humane Reaſon, and Good Literature for* Glories: *And they have the Confidence yet, to call themſelves the* Romuli's *and* Camilli's *of Government; the* Protectors *of Diſcipline, and the* Promoters *of Learning. I muſt needs tell you,* Sirs, *that ſuch* Upſtarts *and* Muſhrooms *will never be good for any thing, till they are lopt off the Earth, and pickled in their own Ignorance and Inhumanity. But theſe are the Men that judge from* Conjecture, *as if* Opinion were the true Rate of Things; *and they condemn us too without a Hearing, for* Fools, *againſt the Laws of Reaſon, Honeſty, and Fair-dealing.* They *are the Men of* Letters, *they cry*; They *are* Divinities, *the Sons of* Apollo, *and the only Heirs of* Wiſdom. *But at this rate, the* Senſe *of all Mankind, beſides their* Own, *muſt be* Baſterdiz'd; *and whatſoever other People write, muſt be* Spurious. *Theſe* B R A V O's *fill the World with* Doubts, *and confound the beſt* Authors *with* Controverſy; *for* They *call in queſtion our very* Names, *and our* Being. *And muſt* Truth *be thus* Diſputed *out of the World? Behold,* Sirs, *what a Mockery is made of our Virtue and Gravity! Our* grey Hairs *are become a Jeſt to theſe* beardleſs Coxcombs;

and all ſolid Learning is turn'd into Banter. What's Sacred, *is* Burleſqu'd; *what's* Sober, *is* Ridicul'd; *what's* Religious *is* Prophan'd *to the laſt degree of Scurrility and Scandal; and all good* Manners *are baniſh'd the Kingdom, for Railing, Ribaldry, and Reproach. But what will this Liberty come to at laſt? 'Tis, well if they'l let the* Gods *govern the World in a little time. Muſt* We *abrogate* Oracles *for* Them? *Muſt* We *pull down* Colleges; *burn* Libraries, *and bury* Manuſcripts *in Oblivion, becauſe* They *do not like them, to gratifie an inſolent Ignorance? Where are the* Sybils *to confute theſe* Blockheads? *Where are the* Augurs *to tell them the Fortune of their Ambition and Vanity? May the Gods turn all for the Beſt! Tell me, ye worſt of Men; do ye laugh at our Misfortunes, and deride the languiſhing State of* Learning, *with Scorn and Contempt? But we deſerve it--- for the Mildneſs of* our Decrees *has made* Them *Undaunted and Fool-hardy; and it has alſo depriv'd us even of common Reſpect as well as Dignity: So that we rather* wiſh *for Peace now then* enjoy *it, and rather* deſire *Liberty then* defend *it with our Authority. But come,* Sirs, *let us aſſert our* Right *and make no delay of oppoſing their* Deſigns. *Let us leave our* Spoils *no longer in the Hands of Ignorant and Unworthy Men. This is my Opinion,* Gentlemen, *and I think their* Books *ought to be*

be burn'd in Palace-yard *by the* common Hangman; *their* Perſons *taken into Cuſtody, Puniſh'd and Impriſon'd for a Year and a Day, till they have paid the uttermoſt Farthing of their* Fine, *And no body whatſoever to preſume in the mean time, upon Pain of Diſpleaſure, to addreſs the* Senate *on their* Behalf, *either for Liberty or Favour. And whoever thinks otherwiſe, is an Enemy to the* Common-wealth.

Saluſt ſat down, upon this; for neither his Health nor his Cuſtom would ſuffer him to make a longer *Speech* on't. But I was mightily over-joy'd upon hearing this *Sentence* propounded to the *Senate*, for the ſake of my good Friends the *Book ſellers*: For there is nothing like this way of condemning a *Book*, to make it ſell well; advance the Price on't, and carry it about the Kingdom. In the mean time, *Tully* the *Conſul* was very buſy there, a talking privately with *Cato*, upon ſome Matter or other, that every body was not to hear: And when they had done *whiſpering*. *Sirs*, ſays *Cicero*; *Here's a full Houſe to Day, and I cannot go through it for all your Opinions to a Man. Therefore your Reſolutions are to be taken* generally *for Diſpatch: And let ſome of the* Poets *ſpeak now, if they pleaſe, to the Buſineſs in Hand, without* any further delay.

There

There were no greater Enemies to the *Correctors* than *They*, in the whole *Senate*. Upon this, they lay their Heads together a while, and unanimouſly choſe *OVID* for their *Speaker*, upon the merit of his Character for no mean *Orator* as well as a *Poet*. And the *Germans*, *French*, and *Engliſh*, did not ſo much carry the Point for him, as the *Romans*; who knew that he had formerly been an excellent *Declaimer* againſt *Liberty of Conſcience* and *Criticiſm*. But *Arellius Fuſcus*, *Apelles*, and all the *Painters* were for him too, Tooth and Nail: Beſides that he had ſeveral *Piques* of his own, and good Reaſon to be in a *Paſſion* with the *Correctors*, himſelf; ſo that he roſe up in a Fury, with Indignation, Menace, and Diſtraction in his Looks; and laſh'd out to this effect.

WEll! *Gentlemen*, ſays he, *baniſh me again to* Pontus, *where I may neither ſee nor hear theſe things. For what Barbarity* Abroad, *among an unciviliz'd People, is not more tolerable than theſe ill Manners, Cruelties, and Murders at* Home: *Or, what Life and Liberty do we enjoy under this ungovernable* Rabble, of Correctors? *They diſturb our Retirement, and Mob us about the very Streets among the* Ballad-ſingers

ſingers. *And when they have thrown Dirt on our* Writings, *they diſpoſe of 'em for* Pies *and* Paper-Kites; *and put 'em to more* ſcandalous Uſes *too, ſaving your Preſence. 'Tis certain, that Natural and Genuine* Poetry *has never thriven in the World, ſince this peſtilential* Conſtellation *of* Criticks *has appear'd, and had an Influence upon Wit. Look ye,* Sirs, *what* Youth *dare write now, or but ſo much as mumble at the* Laurel *of* Phœbus, *(as I may ſay in the* Poet's *Language) for fear of being* criticiz'd *out of his Credit and good Name? But why do I talk of* young Men? *When a* Dryden *cannot write* Verſe *now a Days, but a* Bl--- more *is foul upon him, a* criticizing *and carping at his Wit; condemning his Senſe, or eclipſing his Glories with ill Nature and Invective. But the Sun burſts through the Cloud ſtill, and ſhines brighter upon the Foil. However one would think by his* Slight *and his* Satyr, *that the beſt* Poets *were only his* Patients, *and under his Cure, for a ſick Phancy and a ſcurvy Indiſpoſition: As if the* Doctor *had a mind to purge all* Poetry *but* his Own *out of the World, and to ſet up for* King *in the Common-wealth of Wit. But if any Perſon has the Courage yet to write* Poetry; *who dare venture his* Head *for his* Phancy, *or tell the ſevereſt Truths that he knows? Who is it writes fine and fluent* Verſe, *with an airy, eaſy, and natu-*

ral

ral Pen? *Not one in twenty* Upſtart Criticks. *Which of* Them *makes me a* Verſe *of a native Beauty, a true Complexion, or a ſound Conſtitution? Why they all make uſe of* Paint *and* Patches; *ſeek out for falſe Colours, and forreign Counterfeits, and diſguiſe the Face of Truth, Modeſty, and Virtue: And all to gratify an adulterate Humour; to pleaſe the rampant Town, and to ſupport the* Play-houſe. *What an Age is this for* Lewdneſs! *Theſe are the Men of Flattery, Intrigue, and Debauche. My* Amours *were nothing to them in compariſon. And 'tis ſtrange, how* The young People *are all* Poet-ridden! *There are* Others *again among the* Correctors, *that ſtuff their* Poems *with the fulſomeſt* Plagiariſms. *They effect an old faſhion'd way of Writing, and borrow all the obſolete Words out of* Ennius *and* Pacuvius, *without either Ornament of Language, or Flouriſh of Invention. And if they can make any Thing at laſt of the* Hotch-potch *of a* Collection, *or a* Miſcellany *of* Theſts *and* common Places, *they cry it up for a* Jewel *out of the* Dunghil, *and a* Diamond *of their own* poliſhing. *Every* Pretender *however, in another Perſon's* Parliament Robes, *is not fit for a* Senator; *and Knaps of Purple in a* Fool's Coat, *powder'd cannot make him a Man of* Senſe, Quality, *or* Honour; *nor borrow'd* Laurel *on his Temples ſet him up for a* Poet, *in the Eye*

of

of the Learned. *But hold! Here's the* Golden Age *again; and I'll warrant the World,*

The *Criticks* in ſoft charming Numbers make

Such *Verſes* as the *antient Bards* did ſing.

Can Mankind be ſo byaſs'd and bewitch'd out of Senſe and Reaſon, by a Company of Scribbling Plagiaries? *I cannot but be Angry at thoſe* Eye-ſores *of Underſtanding, for putting the moſt irreconcilable Affronts upon Men of* Good Letters. *For which of* Them *ever reads* Me *and my* Numbers: *Which of them reads* Statius, Lucan, *or* Silius; *and does not preſently exclame?*

I hate the Vulgar Ign'rant Multitude. *'Tis come to that Height of Inſolence now, that* We *are reckon'd by* Them *but the* Crowd *and the* Common-people *of* Poets; *the* Ballad-makers *of* Grub-ſtreet; *and far inferior to the mighty* TOM *and doughty* D....., *who are cry'd up in Town, for* Poetry *as well as* Popularity: *And they look upon the* Dragon of Wantley *to be as well worth a* good Word, *as the* Battles of Pharſalia. *But as for either* Elegy *or* Heroick, *we are out-done forty Bar-lengths,* they ſay, *upon every*

every little Funeral occaſion. *Well!* Sirs, *I am for taking up theſe* Mad-men, *that carry Miſchief about with them, and infect the* Common-wealth of Learning *with Spleen and Diſtraction. Send 'em away to* Bedlam. *I wiſh however that they Offended only out of* Folly; *but 'tis down-right* Cruelty, *rather than* Melancholy *or* Imprudence, *that makes them our Enemies. For they do not contemn us only, but wrong us too; and they do not only injure us, but abuſe us over and above; and they do not only take away our* good Name, *but ſtrike at our very* Memory *into the Bargain. 'Tis a fine Time indeed, when the* Felons *are ſet upon the* Bench, *and the* Malefactors *are become our* Judges *at the* Bar. *What Marks of* Ignominy *and* Correction *have we received at the Hands of the* Criticks? *How have they branded us on our* Frontiſpiece *with* Prophaneneſs *and* Immorality? *And when they have improv'd an innocent Liberty of ours, into Lechery and Laſciviouſneſs; debauch'd our Virgin-modeſty, and Chaſt-meaning, and* deliver'd *it into the World: Why then they* lay *it at* our Doors. *What* Martyrdom *have we ſuffer'd for a Poetical Licence, and a Pardonable Authority! How many Blots in our* Books, *Diſparagements of our* Works, *and Indignities upon our* Perſons *can we complain of with Juſtice and Vindication? Take but* one Example *for all, if you pleaſe*

and

and that's Marcus Antonius, *the Orator, who was baſely ſacrific'd by a Faction of uſurping* Correctors, *and loſt his Head for his Pleading: As a certain* Ring-leader *of the* Rye-Houſe Conſpiracy, *propoſed to have done with the* Judges *in* King Charles's *Reign; only with this difference of Flaying them alive, and ſtuffing their Skins for Cuſhions. At this rate,* Sirs; *it would be dangerous to be* Learned in the Law, *and few Gentlemen would Study their own Deaths. And is it not hard then for a* Councellor of State *to be brought to the* Block *for doing his Duty? But for us* Poets, *ſtrip us now; and let me be concluded for a Liar, if we have not more* Scars *and* Corrections *on our Backs, than* Verſes *in our* Books. *We cannot write one luſcious line of Love now a Days, but we muſt be puniſh'd for't, and* corrected *out of the* Common-wealth. *Conſider but our Fellow-ſufferer* Lucretius, *a Man of perfect Goodneſs, and great Knowledge in the* Works of Nature; *who according to the Laws of his own Diſcipline,* never troubled his Head with other People's Buſineſs, but delighted only in his own: *And tell me now if he deſerv'd to be* Poyſon'd *at the Inſtigation of the* Criticks, *either for novelty of Doctrine, or for teaching ill Manners. Tell me,* Sirs, *if that be not a Cruelty unheard of till this time. Behold the* Criticks *triumphing over the Spoils of*

Lucretius

Lucretius *in ſeveral Places, and at ſeveral Times in the ſame Age! What Barbarities think ye this poor* Poet *has ſuffer'd by ſo many* Enemies *and* Correctors *in the World! And yet ſo many* Conſuls *and* Prætors, Magiſtrates, *and* Miniſters *of State all the while, to hinder the Growth of* Ignorance *and* Rebellion *through the Kingdom. How unhappy has* Lucretius *been lately in* Oxford *upon the Loſs of his* Beſt Friend *there by a ſudden and a ſhameful Misfortune: To ſay no more on't! It wounds* Lucretius *to ſpeak of it. If we ſit ſtill then any longer, all* Learning *and* Antiquity *muſt be* Abdicated *to make way for the Invaſion of a Gang of* Modern, Abſolute, Unlimited Criticks. *But,*

The greateſt Maſter of the Roman Lyre; *what did He endure, when he was half burnt to death under the lingring Torment of a ſlow Fire? And he had been unfortunately conſum'd to Aſhes too, if a Friend to* Learning *and* Poetry *had not timely extinguiſh'd the Flame. For it was a certain Incendiary of a* Critick, *that ſet the Torch to the* Work, *and deſign'd its utter Deſtruction: Beſides, for any thing I know, he had alſo complotted the Final Conflagration of all* Humane Learning, Poetry, Perſons *and all, upon a fair Opportunity. You ſhall often ſee a Son of a* Corrector *a lighting his Pipe with a*

Horace

Horace, *or a* Virgil, *and applying their* Books *to a worse use too, with all imaginable Contempt, upon any* necessary Occasion. *'Tis Intolerable. What should I mention* Catullus *for; or* Propertius, *and* Tibullus? *The Story of* Prometheus *is no longer a* Fable. *The* Vultur's *gnawing of his* Liver *continually, is made out upon* Us, *and verify'd in our* Punishments *to a single Circumstance. We are condemn'd, (only* Jupiter *is not our* Judge) *and ty'd up in Chains by the* Criticks; *while those ravenous* Beasts *prey upon our very Bowels with a fresh and fresh Appetite every Day; and there is no end of languishing under a continual Pain and Vexation, so long as they can find* new Matter *to work upon for their insatiable Voracity and Inhumanity. I wish poor* Martial *were present here, whom they have vilify'd and abased for the most miserable of* Poets; *and who, they say, wrote too* Roman-like. *So that they found out some* Butcher Priest *or other of a* Corrector, *I suppose, to do his Bus'ness for him; and not only to Sacrifice his* Vices *or his* Errors, *but to do violence to his* Person *also, and destroy the Credit of his* Manhood *as well as the Reputation and Authority of his* Epigrams. *And thus is the Ingenious* Martial *tortur'd; whom neither* Maid *nor* Wife *has ever yet complain'd of, either for* Immodesty *or the want of* Wit *and* Parts. *However, he does not appear now, for no other Reason, but because*

he

he knows that the Maim'd *and the* Imperfect *are excluded the* Court *by a good old* Law. *O the Injuſtice of diſmemb'ring an* Author, *and curtailing his* Works! *Where are the Rules of Right Reaſon, Faith and good Manners; to ſuffer theſe Violences upon Honeſt Men, Men of Honour and Quality, well Born, and bred up to* Letters? *Aſſiſt us, all ye* Phyſicians; *and cure our Wounds, ye Sons of* Æſculapius. *Here's an* Arm *chopt off; there's a* Leg *broken; here's an* Eye *ſtruck out; there's a* Cripple *made at one Blow. And in a little Time, the* SENATE *muſt be at the Charge of an* Infirmary, *and turn the* Colleges *into* Hoſpitals *for the Sick and Wounded; if we are not reſtored now, Life and Limb, to our former Health, Vigour, and Perfection. Ariſe Great* GARTH, *and take the* Poet's *Part, and let not One ſnarling* Critick *out-live thy* Conquering Pen. *In the mean time, Moſt* Worthy Senators, *we beſeech you to take our Cauſe into your Care and Compaſſion; revenge our Quarrel upon theſe Rioters and Diſturbers of the Peace, and bring them to condign Puniſhment for their unjuſt Attempts. I think* Thus, *with ſubmiſſion to the Wiſdom of the Houſe:* That, *whereas it is for the Intereſt and Advantage of the* Common-wealth, *to make Laws towards a Reformation of Manners; and ſince the* Correctors *wage War againſt us both with* Sword

and

and Pen, *and aſſault us inceſſantly with repeated* Clamours, Tumults, *and* Tautologies: They *ought to be accuſed of* Innovation, *and condemned by the* Cornelian Law *againſt* Cut-Throats *or* Aſſaſſines. *But if any Perſon ſhall find out a* ſeverer Sentence, *let* Mine *be void, and* His *valid, and immediately confirm'd by an Act of the* SENATE; *and I have done. This is* my Opinion.

When angry *Ovid* had done Speaking with wonderful Heat and Inflammation; indulging either his *Wit* or his *Paſſion* too much (as he us'd to do) upon this Occaſion.

The Senators *were all of diff'rent Minds*;

Some one Thing *mutter'd*; *ſome*, Another *thought*:

So that there aroſe great *Debates* among them in the *Houſe*, and a confus'd Noiſe follow'd the Diverſity of their Opinions. But *Tribonianus* among the *Lawyers*, brake out in *Exclamation* to this Effect.

Behold,

Behold, Sirs, *an unfortunate* Civilian! *Alas, my Labours are loſt! They do not only* criticize *upon my* Works, *but revile* Me *too for an* Author *of no Credit nor Honeſty in tranſcribing of* Laws. *But* Juſtinian *himſelf falls under the Laſh of the* Criticks, *and his* Code *is neither a True nor an Exact* Sum *of the* Civil Law *in* Their *Opinion. What would become of* Doctors-Commons, *if theſe licentious* Pirates *ſhould* Eſcape, *either for* Defaming, *or for* Robbing *us of the greateſt* Jewel *of our Lives, which is our* Reputation? *The* Proctors *would have no Buſineſs, but for* ill Tongues, *or* light Fingers; *eſpecially, where People are Dextrous at* interlining, *or* counterfeiting *of laſt Wills and Teſtaments. The* Correctors *are guilty of as baſe Things, and deſerve to be* Cited *and trounced into* Good Manners, *as well as the worſt Offenders of them all. However, if the* King of *Spain's* Will *were to be prov'd here in* London, *I do not queſtion but theſe* State-Criticks *would find it to be* Forg'd, *and that he left the* Succeſſion of his Crown *to the Fate of a* War: *So great Promoters are they of* Controverſie *and* Combuſtion, *and ſo great* Enemies *to the* Peace of Europe. *If* They *were to* Govern, *we ſhould have a fine Time on't, I'll warrant ye. We ſhould have no* Flaw in a Declaration; *no* Non-ſuits, *no* Delays

Delays *in Law or in Equity, no* exorbitant Fees *upon their uncertainty, no* lame Laws *help'd over the Stile, and not half the* Grievances *or* Vexations *in the Common-wealth. We ſhould not have half the Number of* Attourneys, Sollicitors, *and* Pettifoggers, *nor be plagu'd with ſuch Swarms of* Caterpillars, *and* Catchpoles *in City and Country.* Perjury *would be made a* Capital Crime, *and Men's* Eſtates *would be as ſafe as* Money *in their* Pockets. *And would not this be a bleſſed* Reformation *now? At the Will and Pleaſure of a few* Critical Factious Legiſlators. *All* eſtabliſh'd Laws *indeed,* they ſay, *cramp their* Liberties, *invade their* Properties, *and are abus'd in the* Practice: *And they ought to be* diſpens'd *with to all Intents and Purpoſes, for a private Intereſt, or a particular Revenge.* People *ought to be as Free as the Air they breath in, and the* Preſs *as open as every body's* Mouth *that ſpeaks, without any Reſtraint of* Law *or of* Licence; *and no* Law, *they think, can ſuperſede the* Natural Liberty *of Mankind to* ſay *and* do *what they pleaſe. So that, in ſhort, theſe* Fanatical Criticks *inſiſt upon the* Anarchy *of Learning, Religion, and Law; and whatſoever is* Sacred *and* Immutable, *muſt be put into their Hands for a* Correction. *For* Magna Charta *was but a Jeſt to* Oliver's *Back-ſide, and what ſignifie the* Fundamental Conſtitutions *of the Kingdom*

to

to an Ambitious Uſurper? *The* Correctors *can eaſily ſalve all again, and diſtinguiſh the* Perſon *from the politick Capacity; kill* Julius Cæſar, *and never hurt a Hair of the* Emperour's *Head; deſtroy the* Lawyer, *without offending the* Law; *and* criticize *a Man's* Works *out of the World, without diſobliging the* Author. *Such* Diſtinctions *as theſe cleft the* Devil's Foot. *But theſe* Traytors *are guilty of* High Treaſon. *They are Violators both of* Law *and of* Learning, *in open Rebellion againſt your Authority, and ought to be Puniſh'd for it with the* Sword of Juſtice.

This *Harangue* had a mighty Influence upon the whole *Houſe*, and it touch'd them in the moſt ſenſible Part of their *Honour* and their *Prerogative*. Their *Power* was dear to them as well for *Common* as for *Statute-Law*; and the *Privileges* of *the Senate* not to be parted with, to a Pack of *Innovators*, *Rigicides*, and *Rebels*. But all on a ſudden, *Pliny*, brake out among the *Philoſophers* into this paſſionate Tranſport of Language.

WIpe out theſe Blots *and* Corrections *in my* Writings, *with which ſome* Barbarian *or other has aſpers'd me. Let me no longer be accounted a* Fool, *a* Liar, *or a* Thief. *My Character*

Character is better known to Princes, *who honour me with their Friendſhip and Approbation; and my Name will be Illuſtrious in ſpite of* Criticiſm. *Why ſhould my* Natural Hiſtory *be reckon'd* Fabulous, *when I have often ventur'd my Life for a Curioſity to oblige an unthankful World? And the Flames of* Veſuvius *could not fright me from attempting to make* new Diſcoveries. *Not that ever any Man was better ſerv'd yet for the moſt Ingenious Project or Invention. But where is the* Critick *does not think my* Books *either worth the* Buying *or the* Reading? *Where is the Perſon conſpires againſt my Honour, Underſtanding, and Fame? Let him be Puniſh'd.*

There were a great many Hot *Speeches* to this Purpoſe; and ſo many *Voices* againſt the *Correctors*, that I thought they were in great Danger, and their Buſineſs as good as Done. But upon the Brink of Diſtraction, what with Heats and Animoſities among 'em, up ſtood *Aſconius Pædianus*, *Verrius Flaccus*, and *Aulus Gellius*, with ſeveral others who had *their Irons* in the fire too; and they addreſs'd themſelves in a Hurry to the SENATORS on the *Behalf* of the CRITICKS: Praying hard to have their *Cauſe* heard with more Candour and Moderation, and that *All* might not be

Condemn'd for the *Crimes* or the *Failings* of ſome *Few*.

While *they* were thus interpoſing for a more favourable and impartial Hearing, I obſerv'd *one Gentleman* buſy above all the reſt, who by his *Mien* and *Stickling* ſeem'd to be a *New Member*, and a *Penſioner of a Poet* in the *Court-Intereſt*; but he prov'd to be of the *Country Party* and ſtood up mightily for the *common Good* of all *Learning*. I had not the Patience to ask *Duza* at a diſtance his *Name* and his *Character*; but turning ſhort upon a *Gentleman* that ſat next me, with as modeſt an Importunity as I could give a *Stranger*. Sir, *ſaid I*, can you tell me that *Senator*'s Name who is as buſy as a *Bee* there, buzzing about this Affair, and ſtickling more than any Man in the Houſe? Upon this, he civilly whiſper'd me, that it was *Dionyſius Lambinus*. But *Duza* however, who within hearing, and took me up for with this ſharp Reprimand upon my Curioſity. Well! *LIPSIUS*, *ſays he*, you are a young Man, and very Imprudent not to ſay Troubleſome;

Young Men *are Forward, Fond, and Fo-*
liſh ſtill.

And all their Actions govern by their Wi-

My Friend, *ſaid I*, Fools will be medling, and I beg your Pardon; but I could not forbear *Speaking* at this time. For you know that few Folks will *See* and *Hear* and *Say nothing*; and the *Law* againſt *Speaking* was the Ruin and Deſtruction of the *Amyclæ*, an Honeſt, Harmleſs, Innocent ſort of People in former Days; *who* did not live ſo much upon *Butchery*, or *Backbiting*, *Defamation*, or *Falſe Reports*, as *We* do *now*, to be afraid of *Speaking*. But however, to ſay no more; They were all murder'd in *ſilence* and *ſurprize*, by an unfortunate *Law* of their own making.

In the mean time, *TULLY* was very diligent in compoſing the Minds of the *Members*, and appeaſing the *Tumult*: And ſtern *Cato* the *Prætor*, did his Part too with the Authority of his *Looks* to diſcountenance the *Commotion*. *Sirs*, ſaid they, *let us keep our Temper, and obſerve the Diſcipline of the Court. What's the matter? Ye are all in an Uproar; bellowing like Brutes, and bawling beyond the Humanity of Rational Creatures. Silence! ſit down, GENTLEMEN, and let us put it to the Vote, What have* you *to ſay*, VARRO?

At this Word, all was huſh'd again with Admiration, upon hearing the

Name of ſo Great, and ſo Learned a *Gentleman*; and People on both ſides were the more fluſht with Expectation of ſomething extraordinary from him, in Favour either of the *One* or the *Other*; becauſe he was known to be a Man of Honour and Integrity; an *indifferent Perſon*, and of no Faction or Party in the *preſent Controverſie*. So that *VARRO*, for the ſake of Truth, as well as in Complaiſance to the *Court*; ſtood up, and made the following *Harangue*; which at once diſcovered his *Inclination*, his *Eloquence*, and his *Learning*. For he ſplit the *Cauſe* with the niceſt Impartiality imaginable, and decided the *Controverſie* with ſo much Honeſty and Juſtice, to the Satisfaction of the whole Houſe, that *all Parties* were in a manner pleas'd.

Moſt Noble Senators,

'I Think we contend yet, rather for our *Deſires* then our *Opinions*, and 'argue more for our own *private Wiſhes* 'and *Prejudices*, then for any *Publick Good*. 'Every one is forward enough to take 'Notice of the *Wounds* he has receiv'd 'by the Hands of the *Correctors*; but no 'a word of the *Cure* all this while, what 'they have wrought upon *you* with Sa

'ceſs and Applauſe. *Criticiſm* is a proper *Remedy* for a *ſick Compoſition*, or a *diſorder'd Book*; and why ſhould the *Medicine* that cures all the *Diſtempers of Learning*, be forgot, or condemn'd only for it's *Severity*? But we *Men* are more apt to remember *Injuries* then *Benefits*, and we are far readier for *Revenge* then *Gratitude*; as if an Affront were not to be forgiven for a thouſand Kindneſſes, and all the good Turns in the World could not ſatisfie for what *we* miſinterpret an Abuſe: So unreaſonably do we miſtake Things when they are well meant, and conſtrue Favours for Indignities upon our *Underſtanding*; when the *Criticks* all the while are only retrenching the Miſtakes of Falſe *Copies*, and correcting the Errors of the Ignorant *Preſs*: Not but that every *Author* of us all has his *Failings* in point of Knowledge; and we are not *Infallible* either in *Grammar*, or *Rhetorick*, *Poetry*, or *Hiſtory*. But now ye are tickling the *Teſt* about, is there a Man among you All that can *ſtand* it? Wherefore, *Sirs*, I am of another Mind, then for exploding the *Criticks*; and my Buſ'neſs will be to deſcant upon the matter without Vanity or Flouriſh, and to give my Opinion impartially without Favour or Affection either to *Perſon* or *Party*, for the Common Good and Welfare of all *Learning*. Give me leave therefore, *Great Con-*

'*ful*, to anſwer *You* in the firſt Place; not 'that I take any Pleaſure in oppoſing a 'Noble Patriot and a Friend. But the 'matter muſt be fairly Opened, and the 'Cauſe amicably Pleaded, for a right Un-'derſtanding of the Point in Queſtion. 'And indeed, *Sir*, you have not only miſ-'reported our Opinions hitherto, but fore-'ſtalled them too, and puzzled the *Cauſe* 'into the Bargain, out of Heat and Paſſion: 'Whether it be more Ingenuous to preju-'dicate, or to Brow-beat Juſtice out of 'Countenance; to ſtop the Mouth of Truth, 'or to Condemn without Hearing, I do 'not determine. However it ſeems you 'look upon *Correcting* to be a *Novelty*; an 'Uſurpation upon Knowledge, and of no 'older Date then *King Francis*. 'Tis ſtrange 'that a Perſon of your *Learning* ſhould aſ-'ſert this. There have been *Criticks* from 'the Creation of the World. Can any 'Gentleman ſo well read in Hiſtory and 'Antiquity as *Cicero*, look upon *Criticiſm* 'to be ſo *Young*? No, 'tis as *Old* as the 'World it ſelf. That Illuſtrious Prince 'indeed did advance many brave Things 'for the Good of Learning, and the Ho-'nour of his Name; but not that of *Cor-'recting*, by your Favour. And was there 'not a Contention long before, among the '*Learned* in our Time, concerning the '*Places* of *Ennius* and *Plautus*; and the

'Controverſie

'Controverſie maintain'd yet with Honour 'and Regard to the Underſtanding of the '*Antients*? Sure your Memory cannot 'fail you. But you may remember alſo 'who and who often diſagreed with *Per-'ſius*, *Juvenal*, and *Ennius* for their Writ-'ing ſo obſcurely and Satyrically againſt 'the Vices of the Age. All corrupt Go-'vernments are Touchy and troubled with 'a *Noli me tangere*: So that *National Evils* 'ought to be handled with great Tender-'neſs and Moderation. But without any 'further Digreſſion, *Our Notions* often want '*Light* and *Ornament*; and *we* muſt be '*Commented* and *Corrected*, to be well un-'derſtood by Poſterity. Have not *You* and '*I* different Sentiments of Style, Language, 'and Learning, and are not *we* our ſelves 'ſometimes forced to play the *Criticks* too, 'even in our own Defence? Muſt none 'but *Cicero*'s and *Varro*'s write *Books* then, 'and underſtand *Latin*? No Man is a pro-'per Judge of his own *Works*, and it is 'too Magiſterial a Conceit of our own 'Purity. As for *Orthography*, *Sir*, the beſt 'of us all may ſubmit to the *Correctors*; 'and *Spelling well* is no deſpicable Province 'at this time of Day over all *Europe*. Not 'one in Ten writes True *Italian*, *French*, '*Engliſh*, &c. And then for *Pointing*, 'tis 'ſeldom or never practis'd, and very few 'underſtand any thing on't: Though the

'*True* Senſe and Meaning of any *Writing* 'depends in a great meaſure upon Marks 'of *Diſtinction*; and many a good *Letter* 'oftentimes loſes all its Truth, Spirit, and 'Grace in the *Reading*, for want of *Point-* 'ing. And why ſhould we blame the '*Correctors* now for tranſmitting our *Writ-* 'ings to future Ages, under all the Ad- 'vantages of *Nicety* and *Diſtinction*? 'Tis 'the beſt Office they could do us, to make 'us Intelligible. But for *different Read-* 'ings and *curious Diſtinctions*, what would 'become of the genuine *Senſe* of an *Old* '*Author*? I need not mention the Con- 'troverſies in our Days for a *Word*; *Rome* 'againſt *Athens*, and *Athens* againſt *Rome*; 'the *Latin* and the *Greek* ſeldom agreeing 'together upon the matter in Queſtion. 'But my Maſter *Ælius Stilo*, you know, 'was a great *Grammarian*, and a *Critick* 'of the beſt Note; and yet he never trou- 'bled his Head with any frivolous Con- 'tention, never doubted whether he ſhould 'write *PIRÆUS* or *PIRÆEUS*, nor in- 'duſtriouſly quarell'd with *Cicero* about 'the *Syllabicating* of a *Word*. But *you* 'ſeem to wrangle with a *Friend* in as 'ſmall a matter, and for a meer Trifle; 'while *you* will not allow them the Li- 'berty of controverting a Point of *Hiſtory* 'and *Truth*; nor ſo much as to *doubt* in a 'moſt ſerious Affair of *Learning*, where

'*you*

'*you* cavil and contend for *verbal Niceties*, 'or *literal Miſtakes*. What ſhall I ſay now? 'You that are the ſworn Enemy of the *Co-* 'rectors, did not *you* correct *Lucretius Ca-* 'rus your ſelf; and did not *you* place it 'to the Account of your good Turns to 'the Common wealth of *Learning*, as well 'as reckon upon it for an Honour to your 'ſelf? To ſay nothing of *Nigidius Figu-* 'lus, *Verrius Flaccus*, *Palæmon*; all Learned 'Criticks, and a Thouſand more of the 'ſame Spirit and Authority. But give 'me leave now to produce *One* even of our 'own *Senate*, *Valerius Probus*; who made 'it his whole Buſneſs to procure *Old Ma-* 'nuſcript-*Copies*; to abridge and correct 'them, to diſtinguiſh and point them, and 'to make his *Remarks* upon them, where 'there was occaſion for't; either towards 'the clearing of *Obſcurity* in the *Senſe*, or 'the preventing of *Confuſion* in the *Copy*: 'And this was his *Maſter-piece*, in mark- 'ing all *Clauſes* with their proper *Diſtincti-* 'ons; which is the Grace of Language, 'and the greateſt *Art of Grammar*. Beſides 'I muſt needs take notice here of *Aſconius* 'and *Agellius*, two Famous *Correctors*, the 'one in *Claudius*'s, the other in *Hadrian*'s 'Time: For the *former* was not aſham'd 'to Comment upon *your Orations*; and to 'enquire whether it ought to be read 'DESCENDERIM or DESCENDERE in

your *Harangues* againſt *Verres*; and the *latter* thought it worth his while to examine whether *Virgil* wrote *TRIS URBES* or *TRES*, and whether *STITISSES* or *STETISSES* was Good in *Cato*. Now ſuch *Criticiſms* as theſe were formerly interpreted in *their* Favour; and look'd upon as an Honour, not as an Offence: And why are *We* ſo ſevere then now a Days againſt the *Grammarians* of the preſent Age; who keep up the Honour ſtill of *Writing correctly?* Perhaps, you'l ſay, *They* do not perform ſo *Great Things*. But by *your Leave*, they may do *Greater*; as all Things are now in the way to their Emprovement and upon the Tip-toe of their Perfection. How many Learned Men are engaged in the *Collation of Manuſcripts*, in the *new Edition of Books*, in the *Correcting of all Errors* whatſoever, and curious even to a *Particle!* But all *Language* ſtands in need of Refining, as well as *Religion* does of Reforming. For what harſh and uncouth *Tranſitions* do we often meet with in *Treatiſes* of all Qualities; with a *FORASMUCH AS*, or a *WHEREAS*, &c. in the Style of an *Act of Parliament* or a *Proclamation!* What *Bumbaſt* and *Wheel-barrow Language* do we find in many *Books*, which diſturbs the *Ear* in the very *Reading?* We ſhould hardly ever be gratify'd with

one

'one good *Turn* out of a whole *Diſcourſe*, 'for the *hobbling Connexions* of a *HOW-'BEIT*, or a *BUT AND IF*, &c. Unleſs 'the curious *Criticks* ſmooth'd our Lan-'guage, Study'd the *bien tourné* of *Style*, 'and advanced both the *Air* and the *Or-'nament* of *Expreſſion*: Which a moſt 'Learned, Ingenious, and Polite COR-'RECTOR has brought of late to 'the utmoſt Perfection in the *Engliſh Tongue*. 'And it is a *Work* which a whole *Acade-'my* in *France* has not finiſh'd yet with 'greater Succeſs then this *ſingle* GEN-'TLEMAN has done for the Honour 'and the Service of his *Native Country*. 'Tis true, *Printing* was found out in our 'Days; and without doubt it was a great '*Bleſſing*, as well as an ingenious *Inven-'tion*: But it had certainly been Fatal 'to us, and might have prov'd the De-'ſtruction of *Learning*; unleſs the great 'Criticks and good *Grammarians*, whoſe 'Buſineſs it is to correct *Books*, had pre-'vented it, and ſecur'd our *Works* from 'the Miſtakes of the *Preſs*. However, the brave *Soldier* that firſt invented *Printing*, had done more Miſchief *by't*, then with 'the *Sword*, and had rais'd an everlaſting *War* about the World; if the *Correctors* did not keep Learning in *Peace*, and ig-norant People in *Awe*. *Great Gods!* What good Service have they done us by the

'Help

'Help of *Old Books*, by the Boldneſs of '*Wit*, and the Confidence of *Truth!* How 'many *Wounds* of ours have they *cur'd*, 'and how many *Scars* have they taken 'off the very Face of our Reputation! 'Are not you, *Tully*; you, *Saluſt*, ſenſible 'of their Aſſiſtance? Are not you, *Ovid*, 'fully convinced of their *Good Offices*? 'You are diſingenuous, not to ſay *Knave*, 'if you deny it; and a *Fool*, if you own 'it. No Man is obliged to confeſs his 'own Weakneſs. And yet *you* demand to 'be *ſtript Naked*, GREAT SIR; to ſhew, 'I ſuppoſe, the Marks of your *Miſtreſſes* 'Teeth, and the *Lady Corinna's* Correcti-'ons, with a Witneſs: But no ſuch Se-'veriry of the *Criticks*, as you complain. 'All *Amours* have their Diſappointments, 'and *Ovid* (I hope) will be reconciled to 'the neceſſity of *Cenſure* and *Criticiſm*. 'But have not I given *Joſeph Scaliger* the '*Garland* off my own Head, upon Honour? 'I have given it frankly, and *He* deſerved 'it, both by *Law* and *Gratitude*, for pre-'ſerving the *Life* of Learning. For this 'was a great Thing, *Sirs*, I'll aſſure ye, 'a mighty Thing indeed, and not to 'be done by an ordinary Capacity, or an 'ignorant Pretender. And every ſmattering 'Pedant is not worthy to be called a '*Corrector*, nor fit to undertake ſo learned 'a Province as to preſerve *Language* from 'Corruption, or *Books* from being *falſe*

'*Printed*.

'*Printed.* But however, if any Honeſt Man 'clears our Ground of *Briars* and *Thorns*, 'he ſhall preſently be thought to do us a '*Kindneß*; and why ſhall not *They* be 'thought to do *ſo* too, with all the Rea-'ſon in the World, who purge our *Writ-'ings* of all the *Errors*, that are prejudi-'cial to our *Memories*, and hinder them 'from *Flouriſhing* and growing *Immortal*? 'And yet I confeſs, there's a Meaſure 'in the Thing too, and an *Art* in the do-'ing on't; for fear of doing what the 'Thracian *Boor* in the Story did once; 'who ſeeing his Neighbour one Day dreſſ-'ing his *Vines*, fell to cutting his *Own* 'up by the Roots, and in ſhort deſtroy'd 'them all *Root and Branch*. So that there's 'as great Care to be taken in *Correcting* 'a Man's *Works*, as in Pruning a *Tree*; 'to lop off only what is either *Superfluous* 'or *Faulty*, and not to deprive him of his 'Beauties and *Bloſſoms*. But the *Correctors* 'themſelves, perhaps, are oftentimes *miſta-'ken*, and *Wound* us in the very *Cure*; 'ſo that the *Remedy* is worſe then the *Di-'ſeaſe*. Very well! This is *your* Objecti-'on, Mr. *Ovid*; as Captious as it is Fri-'volous, and no Man of Learning will 'ever thank you for't. There's no curing 'of a *Wound*, without touching the *Pati-'ent* to the Quick; and all *Errors* in 'Writing are of the ſame Nature; and

'they

'they require the Hand of a *Critick* to 'ſearch 'em to the Bottom, without any 'Regard to the Reſentments of the *Author*. 'However, you are pleas'd to call the *Cri-* 'ticks, *Cut-Throats* and *Murderers*; whe- 'ther by *Weapons* or *Poyſon*, I know not; 'and to aſſert that they ſtand Condemn'd 'by the *Cornelian Law*. But where's the 'Reaſon of all this in Raillery and Paſſi- 'on? For Inſtance: A brave Man was 'reſolv'd once to preſerve his *Father's Life* 'in a Battle, if Courage could have don't; 'and while he ſtruck at the *Enemy*, the 'Sword glanc'd and unfortunately kill'd 'his *Father*. Pray tell me now if the *Son* 'was a *Parricide*. Was this done either '*Wittingly* or *Willingly*? No. And the '*Will* is what the *Law* puniſhes, not the '*Event*. For a *Good Deſign* is not to ſuffer 'for an *Ill Accident*, nor an Honeſt Man 'to be puniſhed for a *Chance-Medley*. 'Tis 'the ſame Caſe now with the *Correctors*; 'who perhaps, while they Study out of 'pure Good Will to do us a *Kindneſs*, may 'ſometimes miſtake the Thing, without 'any Malice, and do us a *Prejudice* con- 'trary to their Intention. And what is 'all this, but an Error on the Right-hand, 'and being *Kind* only to a *Fault*? But 'on the other ſide, the ADVANTAGES 'of *Criticiſm* are infinite. The World 'would be a *Lottery*, if no body were to

'carp

'*carp* at National Impoſitions and Arbi-
'trary Cheats; the *Stock-jobbing* of *Learn-*
'*ing* too as well as of other *Commodities*.
'How many ſcandalous *Libels*, and igno-
'rant *Books* would be publiſhed, if it were
'not for fear of the *Criticks!* We had
'ſwarm'd with Lewd *Stage-Plays*, if a
'Learned and a Famous *Corrector* had not
'exerciſed his Wit upon them, and put
'*Impudence*, *Immorality*, and *Prophaneneſs* out
'of Countenance. In ſhort, 'tis the *Satyr*
'and *Severity* of *Criticiſm* that keeps the
'diſſolute Age in Awe: Or, what *Ill*
'*Practices* elſe would not be in *Faſhion?*
'Ignorance, Irreligion, and Uſurpation,
'would over-run the World, if the *Criticks*
'did not laſh *Liberty* out on't. *They* are
'engag'd for an *Univerſal Reformation of*
'*Manners*, from the *Court* to the *Camp*
'and the *Cottage*. *They* are for Correcting
'all the baſe Abuſes of the *Law*, and
'ſtrike at the Ill Practices of it's *Profeſſors*:
'And they think it Unreaſonable, not to
'ſay Unjuſt too, that there ſhould be ſo
'many Thouſands of *Lawyers*, *Sollicitors*,
'and *Attornies*, in City, Town, and Coun-
'try, and ſo *few Eſtates*, if *any*, ever Re-
'cover'd *in formâ Pauperis*: Beſides that,
'there's no leſs *Vexation* in the Common-
'wealth for the vaſt Numbers of *Practi-*
'*tioners* in the Law; who ſhould be *Peace-*
'*makers*, and not ſet People together

'by

'by the Ears: For at this rate, Picking 'of Pockets will be as Honeſt a Practice. 'They are mightily concerned for diſcard- 'ing all *Quacks* in *Phyſick*, and ſilencing all 'Charlatans in *Divinity*. They allow no 'Deiſts to meddle with the *Canon* of *Ho- 'ly Scripture*; no ſubtle *Arrians* to Play 'at *Dice* with the *Bleſſed Trinity*, and no 'Buffoons to Burleſque the *Sacred Word* 'of God. Religion is not to be Banter'd; 'but the *Criticks* obſerve it too often in 'Ale-Houſes and *Taverns*, where the Spi- 'rit of *God* never breathes: And *They* ne- 'ver wink at the ſcandalous Tranſports 'and prophane Flights of Intemperance. 'But *They* alſo condemn *Wantonneſs* as 'well as the dangerous Exceſſes of *Wine*; 'and *They* ſee there's hardly any *Wicked- 'neſs* which deſerves well of *Tyburn*, but 'a lewd *Woman* is at the Bottom on't. 'In fine, *They* are eternal Enemies to a 'Sycophant or *Flatterer* at Court; a *Jugler* 'or *Merry-Andrew* in the Pulpit, and a 'Mercenary *Ambidexter* at the Bar: And 'They will ſuffer no *Malefactor* to ſit *Judge* 'upon the Bench; no *Priſoner* that *Provi- 'dence* once ſaves, to be condemn'd by an 'After-Law, and no *Traytor* behind the 'Curtain of Government ever to appear 'again above Board for the *Publick Good*. 'They cannot endure to ſee every *Jack-pud- 'ing* preferr'd; *Pages* or *Footmen* ennobled

'ever

'even to Ingratitude; and *little Fellows* of 'no Good Birth, Education, or Honour, 'promoted to Places of the greateſt *Truſt* 'and *Worth*. How many noiſy *Impoſtors* 'would vend their Ridiculous Forgeries to 'the *Rabble*, and how many *Knights of the* '*Poſt* would ſet up for *Gentlemen*, if the 'Impartial *Criticks* did not undeceive the 'World! But one *FULLER* is '*Sham* enough for one Age; and one *Cor-* 'rector is ſufficient to convince People of 'their *Bigottry* and *Incredulity*. What ſhall 'I ſay more? The *Criticks* take Care both 'of *Men* and of *Books*, and direct both 'our *Reading* and our *Converſation*. They 'condemn all *Romance*, and keep up the 'Reputation of *True Hiſtory*, by Ridicul- 'ing *Knight Errantry* out of Credit for 'Whimſie, Falſhood and Extravagance. 'They think the *Seven Champions* not worth 'the Reading, ſo long as *Youth* may be 'better entertain'd with the Lives of the *Roman Emperours*. They recommend *Cicero* and *Saluſt*; *Suetonius*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus*, to the Study of all Mankind for the Buſineſs of War, Peace, and Policy. I need not tell you, that the Safety of a whole Kingdom has been owing to the ſingle Pen of a Wiſe, Learned, and Loy- al *Obſervator*; and ſhall the Fineſt *Critick* in the World, loſe the Benefit of the Common-wealth for *correcting* People in-

'to

'to their *Senſes*, and for turning their '*Shame* into their *Security?* What an un-'thankful Age is this we live in! And is 'it not the higheſt Ingratitude to exclude 'our greateſt *Benefactor* from ſitting at the 'Helm of Learning, and governing all 'inferior Diſcipline? In fine, *Sirs*, the '*Correctors* are the chief Preſervers of '*Learning*; and they maintain the Honour 'of it againſt the *Iniquity* of difficult Times 'and the *Corruption* of modern Ages. How-'ever, there are *two ways* of *Correcting*; 'the *One* by *Books*, and the *Other* by *Con-'jecture*. The *Firſt* is a *certain* and ſafe 'way enough; but the *Latter* is as *un-'certain* as *Opinion* can make it: Eſpeci-'ally when Forward *young Men* ſet up for 'their own *Phancies*, and fooliſh *Opiniators* 'think they write *Oracles*; or, when old '*doating Doctors* pretend to determine *Con-'troverſies* by the Authority of their Age 'and Experience, and would have the 'World believe their bare *Conjectures* to be 'as Infallible as *Truth* it ſelf. But I do 'not undertake to defend theſe Perſons 'that are puff'd up with *Froth* and *Opi-'nion*. I muſt confeſs there are a ſort of 'diſingenuous *Criticks* in the World; and 'cannot afford them a good Word, for 'Writing *Billingſgate-Language*; upon the 'Confidence, that if they throw *Dirt* enough 'ſome will ſtick. But Railing or Calu-'niati

'niating was never yet reckon'd within 'the Rules of Good Manners. And there 'are ſome notorious *Cowards* too among 'the *Criticks*; who revile People behind 'their *Backs*, and are very apt to inſult 'upon the *Memory* of an *Author*: Which 'is but killing a dead Man, and triumph-'ing over his Grave. There's Reaſon in 'all Things, I would not have a *Critick* 'to be *Over-nice*, nor to ſpend his Time 'to no Purpoſe: And I muſt needs own 'there's a great deal of difference between '*Scribling* and *Criticizing*. I am not for 'a *Doctor*'s running into half a Score *Li-'braries* in a Morning for a *Monoſyllable* 'or an *Expletive* to fill up his mighty 'Notes upon the *Greek Teſtament*. I do 'not inſiſt much upon *different Readings*; 'and I am no great Advocate for *Notis 'Variorum*, ſo long as the true Senſe of an 'Author may be underſtood better by Pa-'raphraſes, without perplexing the Heads 'of People with inſignificant *Scruples* and 'Niceties; which confound rather then im-prove the *Reader*. But in ſhort, I am only for preſerving all other *Languages* as well as the *Latine Tongue* in their Pu-rity and Perfection, and for rendering of them Intelligible and Obvious to the meaneſt Capacity, either in *Writing* or in *Print*: And I do not think *Learning* ſo deſpicable a Thing, but *Parliaments* might

'take-

'take notice on't; towards a Regulation 'both of *Writing* and *Printing* of *Books*. 'Therefore I cannot adviſe you better, '*Gentlemen*, then to retain the *True Criticks* 'ſtill, with the greateſt Favours and En-'couragements for the Advancement of '*Learning*. The *Shades* and the *Height* of 'huge *Trees* delight us, at the ſame Time 'we deſpiſe their *Roots*, from whence we 'receive thoſe Advantages and Satisfacti-'ons. 'Tis the ſame thing with the *Cor-'rectors*. We like their *Works*; but either 'out of a Perſonal Pique, or an Illiterate 'Stupidity, we are not pleas'd with the '*Correctors* Themſelves: By whoſe means, 'the *Beauty* of *all Arts* we admire, is pre-'ſerved *Pure* and *Unſpotted*. For the *Cor-'rectors* are the very *Stock of Learning*, from 'whence ſo many *Branches* flouriſh, and 'bring forth the *Faireſt Fruit* that Eye 'ever ſaw: And *They* will every Day pro-'duce greater Things too, if they are not 'hinder'd by ſome Idle, Ignorant, Surly, 'Cynical, Ill natur'd People; who can 'endure nothing that is not of their *Own do-'ing*, and will hardly either take the Pains 'to do any thing *Themſelves*, or let *Others* 'do't. This is my Opinion, MOST 'NOBLE SENATORS, which 'I propoſe to your Conſideration, and ſub-'mit to the Wiſdom of the *Houſe*.

Upon

Upon this, he delivered his Opinion in Writing, in Form and Manner of a *Decree*; which the *Senate* at laſt paſs'd into an ACT, as you'l ſee afterwards in its proper Place.

When *Varro* had done Speaking, it is Incredible how much the Minds of the *Members* were changed. For thoſe very *Senators* who were moſt incenſed juſt before, and the greateſt Enemies againſt the *Criticks*, came over *now*; were quite of another Temper, and gave their *Aſſent* to what *He* ſaid in their Favour, *Nemine Contradicente*, with this General Acclamation, *All, All.* The *Correctors*, upon this, made a mighty Buſtle here and there, with Careſſing *One another*, and were as Merry about the Mouths, as Succeſs and Joy could make them; for they had as good as carry'd their Point now for Liberty, Honour and Employment in the *Common-wealth of Learning*. I was wonderfully over joy'd too; for I thought I was

—— *Snatch'd from the gaping Jaws of Hell.*

And

And I could not hold from turning to my Friend *Duza*, and crying out,

The Day's our Own, we have the Battle won.

But ſome of the Inferior ſort of *Senators*, who came in only for their *Vote* upon the *Diviſion of the Houſe*, endeavour'd to hinder the Thing from *Paſſing*, and demanded a *Poll*. Number the *Senate*, they cry'd; and the *Majority of Voices* upon the *Yea's* and *No's* of the whole Houſe, to decide the Diſpute. But *Varro* thinking it the beſt of his Play to Strike while the Iron was Hot, and to take Advantage of the preſent Conjuncture, while the *Senators* were lately brought over by the Power of his *Speech*, and ſtood well inclin'd to the *Criticks*; he adviſed the *Conſul* to make a DISCESSION from one ſide to the other, and to let the *Houſe* fairly *divide* upon it; in order to a *Decree:* Which the *Conſul* immediately granted; *Criſpus* of the contrary Party being firſt commanded to go over to the *Other ſide* of the *Senate-Houſe:* And then it was *Ordered* in theſe Words: You *that are* For *the* CRITICKS, *come hither to this ſide; and you that are* Againſt *them*, go over to that ſide. Upon the Diviſion, They were almoſt *One and A*

of *Varro*'s Opinion, and went over to *His ſide* in great Numbers; while *Criſpus* had very *few Friends* there, or *Followers*, and look'd as Forſaken as the *Bird* in the Fable; but upon the Forlorn Hope yet of making a *Party* ſtill to ſupport the *Good Old Cauſe* againſt the *Modern Criticks*. I muſt not forget that *Ovid* was a meer Jeſt there, and the Paſtime of the *whole Houſe* for a *Trimmer*; for when he ſaw how Things would go, he deſerted *Criſpus*, and went over to *Varro*'s Intereſt, not without a Mark of *Poetical Levity* and *Time-Serving*. However, there were a great many more of the ſame Kidney reflected upon for their *Inconſtancy*; who deſerved to have *Weather-Cocks* ſtuck on their Heads inſtead of *Laurel*: But it is no great Wonder now a Days; for there are *Turn-Coats* of all Profeſſions, and in all *Courts*, *Conventions*, and *Convocations*; not excepting the SENATE.

Upon this, I thought, there aroſe a mighty *Debate* about ſome *Undue Elections* of Perſons that were no CRITICKS to ſerve in the SENATE, and a great many *Motions* were made againſt the *Stock-jobbing*, *Bribery*, and other *corrupt Practices* of the *Members*: Inſomuch, that ſeveral of them were Spew'd out of the *Houſe* upon't. But the *Fountain* was not

clear

clear enough yet, for the *Diſpatch* of publick Buſineſs. There were many things to be ſet to Rights before they could come to the main Point in Queſtion concerning CRITICISM. *Some Perſons* were repreſented as Unqualify'd for the *Service* of the Government upon the Important Affairs of *Peace*, *War*, and *Learning*; as if they had been only *Noſes of Wax* for a Royal Impreſſion, or an Inferior Intereſt: *Others* were charged with Higher Crimes, as the *Promoters* and *Adviſers* of Ill Things *Abroad*, and for *Doing* of Worſe at *Home*: And *Others* again were called the *Flying Squadron*, which the *Honeſt Party* of CRITICKS could make nothing of in any Affair, either *Civil* or *Military*; till *Proteus* was pleas'd to put on what Shape he had a mind for. In ſhort, their *Proceedings* were very much *Interrupted*, and *Embarraſs'd*, what with the *Grievances* of the Nation; the *Corruption* of Miniſters, and the Impudent *Petitions* of Mercenary Tools; beſides a Thouſand Popular Menaces, Complaints, and Calumnies: And all to precipitate a War, Hand over Head, againſt the Powerful *GAULS* and to divert the *Senators* from bringing *Publick Money* Ill manag'd, to Account, and *Offenders* to condign Puniſhment. But, *DUZA* told

told me, that all theſe *Delays* and *Diſorders* within Doors, were chiefly owing to the Inſtigation of ſome *Great Men* Without, for fear of having the Wound prob'd to the Bottom. However I perceived ſome Bold *Heroes* among 'em, that would ſtill perſevere in the *Faith*, for the *Publick Good* of their Country, and were for Striking at the *Root of the Evil* in ſpite of *Party*, *Faction*, *Slander*, *Libel*, and *Popular Clamour*. But, ſaid *DUZA* to me; Have you not ſeen *A ſhort Defence* of the Senate, lately written by an Ingenious *Critick*, which aſſerts the Honour of our Noble *Patriots* from all Aſperſions, either of *Delays*, *Animoſities*, or *Tyrannical Pretenſions?* Yes, *ſaid I*, to my great Satisfaction; for it wonderfully diſabuſes the whole Kingdom: Eſpecially if our Wiſe *Senators* have either any *Conſtitution* to loſe, or *Privilege* to maintain. But I was in great Concern however for the main Chance, leſt our BILL ſhould be dropt upon ſo preſſing an Interpoſition of *State Affairs*, as the Conſideration of *Partition-Treaties*, *Private-Articles*, *Publick-Impeachments*, *Pretended-Kings*, imperfect *Accounts of the People's Money*, with many other groſs *Corruptions*, and clandeſtine *Cheats*: And indeed the Buſineſs of *Learning* had like to have been *Poſt-pon'd* at

laſt to theſe weighty Matters of *Government* upon the *Motion* of a Great *Stickler* for the Peace and Welfare of the Common-wealth: But it was carry'd in the *Negative* by one ſingle *Vote*. So that when the Above-mention'd *Diſceſſion* and *Siding* of the *Members* was over; the *Conſul*, according to Cuſtom, declar'd, that the *Majority* was *For* the CRITICKS, in this Form of Words. *Here's the greateſt Number far, on* Varro's *ſide*. And he was a going to report the whole Matter ſeriouſly over again, as *Varro* had drawn it up in ſhort, concerning the Differences and Debates among the *Correctors*, towards the making of a *Laſting Peace* in the Common-wealth of Learning: But it was now paſt Ten a Clock at Night, and not *Lawful* after that Time, to make any *new Motion* or *Diſpute* in the *Houſe*. Therefore he Sign'd the *Decree* in their Favour and diſmiſs'd the *Senate* in a Word; and ſo the Candles were put out. The *Grumbletonians* got together in *Cabals*, upon this, in the *Dark*; and were very buſy with their *After-Thoughts*: But it was only playing their *Cards* over again when the *Game* was *Up*. At laſt, methoughts there was a loud *Huzza* of the *People*, with a *Long live the* CRITICKS in the HOUSE OF COMMONS.

How-

However upon *Diſſolving the* PARLIAMENT, I wak'd, and my *Dream was Out.*

The *Form* and *Subſtance* of the DECREE above mentioned, was to this Effect.

By the Authority and Conſent of the SENATE; Cicero *and* Plautus *being* Conſuls: *It is* Enacted *in the Preſence of* Varro, Terence, Tacitus, *&c.*

THAT the CRITICKS are both Uſeful and Neceſſary in theſe difficult Times of *Learning*; when it is liable to ſo many groſs Corruptions, falſe Conſtructions, and furious Controverſies.

But not all *Criticks* neither indifferently, without Diſtinction: Not the Unlearned *Scribblers*, nor Ill-bred *Buffoons*; who neither underſtand *good Letters* nor *good Manners*, but Men of great Knowledge and Abilities to emprove *Old Authors*, and to refine upon *Antient Learning*.

To that End, the *Senate* has reſolved to continue the Old *Annarian Law*, and to put it in Force againſt *young Men*'s ſetting up for CRITICKS: So that no Perſon under Five and twenty Years of Age ſhall take upon him the Office of CORRECTING. And whoever ſhall preſume to do't henceforward, contrary to the Letter of this Law, let him be deem'd an *Offender* and a *Coxcomb* for his Pains; and his *Corrections* to be of no Credit or Authority in the Bus'neſs of Learning.

And this *Law* to be as *Valid* alſo againſt *Dotards* above Threeſcore Years Old; who are unfit for the Publick Employment of *Letters* through the Infirmities both of *Mind* and *Body*.

Wherefore by Virtue of this *Law* and for the better *Execution* of the ſame,

MAR-

MARCUS FABIUS, and *POMPONIUS ATTICUS* are hereby appointed *Commiſſioners*, and nominated to be *Cenſors*, One or Both of them, to Enquire, Judge, and Determine concerning the Learning, Manners, and Qualifications of thoſe Perſons who lay claim to *Criticiſm*: And what *Candidates* ſoever they *admit* for their Merit and Underſtanding, to be reputed Juſt and Lawful *Criticks* in the true Senſe of the ACT; But whoever they *reject* for Ambitious *Upſtarts*, or Ignorant *Pretenders*, let them be *rejected* ſtill, and excluded the Benefit of the *Common-wealth of Learning*.

If any Perſon the *Cenſors* chuſe for a *Critick*, ſhall make his *Corrections* out of *True Books* and *Authentick Copies*, with ſound *Judgment*, as well as good *Authority*, let it be reckon'd Worthy of Praiſe and Reception: But if he ſhall preſume too far, and fall a *Criticizing* by *Conjecture*, *Opinion*, or *Self-conceit*, he is guilty of a great Crime, or a high Miſdemeanour, and muſt be condemn'd for a *Phantaſtical Blockhead*.

Provided always for the Publick Good of all Learning, that no Man ever venture upon *Correcting* by *Phancy*; unleſs his

Conjectures be as Clear as the Sun, and as Certain as the Day.

But whoſoever ſhall hereafter make any other Uſe of *Conjecture*, and pretend to *Criticize* by Gueſs, Hear-ſay, or Uncertainty, let all the *Laws* againſt *Star-gazers* and *Fortune-tellers* be let looſe at him, and let him be ſent to the *Houſe of Correction*, with a *Non Obſtante* to the *Porcian*, *Fabian*, and *Sempronian Laws* in Favour of ſuch *Malefactors*: *Provided* however, that no *Informer* of an Accomplice ſhall be deem'd a *ſufficient Evidence* againſt his Brother in Iniquity upon a *Capital Miſtake*.

And whereas divers *Criticks* are troubled with a twofold *Diſtemper*; That is to ſay, either a *Spirit of Wrangling*, *Controverſie*, and *Contradiction*; or an *Itch of Scribbling*: It is the Will and Pleaſure of this *Preſent Senate*, to provide againſt *Both Evils* by this Good and Wholeſome *Law*.

Firſt, as to the *Litigious*; That whoever ſhall after this *Seſſion of the Senate* of Learning, preſume to wrangle, brawl, or quarrel with any Perſon, either in *Words* or in *Writing*, about a matter of *Known Truth*;

Truth; let them be ſent to the *College of Billingſgate*, and confin'd there to the Buſineſs of *Scolding* a Year and a Day for the *Firſt Offence*: And for the *Second*, let 'em be puniſhed for *Common Barreters* of Learning, *during Life*, as the *Law* ſhall direct: But for the *Third Tranſgreſſion*, let them be condemn'd to Fight it out in the *Bear-Garden*, and no Body to part the *Fray*, upon Pain of the ſevereſt *Correction* for't.

Secondly, As for thoſe that have got the *Itch of Writing*; who cannot hold the Hand and Pen from *Scribbling* like *Madmen*, at all Hazzards, and under all Fortunes; filling People's Heads with Rebellious Notions, under the Colour of Liberty, Property, or Religion; and enflaming all Governments they live under, indifferently, with dangerous *Controverſies*, and warlike *Pamphlets*: As the Famous *F.....ſon* has done, *For* and *Againſt* his own Principles, as a Furious *Jack* on *Both-ſides*, and *True* to *Neither*. Let the *Keeper of Bedlam* take ſuch diſtracted *Gentlemen* as thoſe into his Care, and conſider whether their *Madneſs* be in the *Brain* or the *Blood*, and to report to the above mentioned CENSORS, which of them are CURABLE, and which

Not

Not, by the Virtue of Good *Diſcipline* and diligent *Correction.*

And thoſe *Itching Criticks*, who *can* be cur'd of this *Diſeaſe* complicated with *Plague* and *Phrenzy*, to be carried over to *Æſculapius's Temple* in the *Holy Iſland*, and there to drink their Bellies-full of *Hellebore* to bring them to their Wits again, and to Purge all the Humours of Melancholy or Ambition off the Brain. But they who are INCURABLE, or deſpair'd of, to be baniſh'd into *Cimmerian Darkneſs*, and the *Dungeons* of the World, where the *Sun* never ſhines, and where they ſhall not have ſo much *Light* as to ſee to *Read* BOOKS. However, if any of them ſhall be found to be only of a *Dubious Health*, betwixt *Spleen* and *Diſtraction*, or the *Itch* and *Maggot of Scribbling*; let them be Tranſported for a while into *Atlantis*, or an *Iſland* in *Utopia*, upon Hopes of *Recovery*; where, they ſay, there are no *Viſions*, *Whimſies*, nor *Enthuſiaſms.*

Furthermore, becauſe many *Men of Learning* may, perhaps, with Juſtice complain, that *They* have been *Ill-us'd*, and unworthily Treated by the *Correctors*: It is hereby *Decreed* to prevent any ſuch unjuſt

juſt Reflexions for the Future, that no Injury, Calumny, or Scandal againſt any *Author* of Worth and Reputation, ſhall ever be Forgiven the Offending *Corrector*, or eſcape Unpuniſhed, either among the *Living* or the *Dead.*

And therefore among the *Living*, *L. Caſſius* the *Prætor* is appointed to take Cognizance of the Matter: And what pert *Criticks* ſoever he ſhall find guilty of Ribaldry, Reproach, or Ill Language againſt any Worthy *Gentleman*; They are to be *Try'd* for tranſgreſſing the Rules of Honour, good Breeding, and common Civility, and to be *Condemn'd* for Ridiculous *Buffoons* into the Bargain, upon a full Conviction of their *Crime*; without any Reſpect of Perſons, whether of the *Clergy*, or the *Laity*, ſo offending againſt the Laws of Humanity. Their *Puniſhment* is to have their *naked Bodies* dawb'd over with *Oyl* and *Honey*, and to ſtand a whole Day in the Heat of the Sun, expos'd to the Stings of *Waſps* and *Flies*, towards the Retrenching of their *Liberties*, and the Reforming of their *Lives.*

But for the *Dead*, *Menippus* the *Cynick* is hereby commanded to go immediately to the *Shades Below*, as the fitteſt Perſon for an

an Infernal Errand; knowing the Way thither, and having Acquaintance with the *Furies*: And *there* to treat with *Æacus* the Judge of Hell, concerning the condign Puniſhments of *ſuch Offenders* as were guilty of Reviling, Back-biting, and Defamation, while they liv'd upon Earth. He is likewiſe *Order'd* to leave off his own coarſe *Compliments*, his rude Behaviour, and his dogged Way of *Writing* too, HIMSELF; with this Final *Reſolution* of the SENATE; that, it is neither *Humane*, *Taking*, nor *Tolerable*, to Write as it were in a *bluſtering Storm*.

In fine, This is the *Act of the Senate*, and the *Authority* of it upon *Record*; to remain in full Force againſt *all Innovations* whatſoever, till a more Noble BILL ſhall be brought into the *Houſe* for the Better Security and Preſervation of *Learning*.

Given at the Temple of Apollo, *the Day before the* Calends *of* October.

THE

The AUTHOR's

POEM

TO THE

READER,

Paraphraſed.

WHO reads this *Satyr* with an Angry Brow,
Miſtakes the *Author* and *Tranſlator* too.
But ſure if any *Writing* will go down,
Without ſowr Faces or a damning Frown,
It is the pleaſing *Banter of the Town.*
For People dote on *Canterbury Tales,*
Far more than *Truth* or Sacred *Oracles.*

And

And if this *Viſionary Trifle* Pleaſe,
Among more lewd and luſcious Novelties;
The Palate of the Age grows mighty Nice,
To love an *Honeſt Dream* and loath *All Vice.*
'Tis fit *Religion, Learning,* and the *Law,*
Should keep *Offending Libertines* in Awe.
Thus *Dreams* well meant, and rightly underſtood,
May be of Service to the *Publick Good.*

FINIS.

Advertiſement.

THE Law againſt Bankrupts; or a Treatiſe wherein the Statutes againſt Bankrupts are explained, by ſeveral Caſes, Reſolutions, Judgments, and Decrees, both at common Law, and in Chancery: Together with the Learning of Declarations and Pleadings, relating thereunto. To which are likewiſe added, Forms and Directions for Commiſſioners, and Preſidents, fit for the peruſal of all Lawyers, Merchants, and Trades-men. The ſecond Edition; by *Tho. Goodwin,* Serjeant at Law.